THE ONE MAN SHOW
" MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY---SONYA HEMPHILL
CO PRODUCED BY---THE ADODI MUSE
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LIGHT AND SOUND ---CHRIS PARR
MUSICAL CONSULTANT---MICHAEL TONE COVINGTON
SET DESIGN---JAMES MCKISSICK
PERFORMANCES BEGIN JUNE OF 1996
POSSIBLE VENUES -----CARIS BOOKS AND MORE
THE FIRST EXISTENTIALIST CONGREGATION
HORIZON THEATRE/7 STAGES
WRFG 89.3FM RADIO STATION ___DEBORAH PAGENT
ZAMI/2ND SUNDAY
THE GAY AND LESBIANS VISITORS

THE ONE MAN SHOW
"MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP"

ACT 1
THE WAY IT WAS
BEDROOM/HOUSE MUSIC BLARING/PREPARING TO GO TO THE BAR
DRESSED IN CLUB WEAR

(IMPROV)
/USING DRUGS,DRANKING ALCOHOL,SLEEPING AROUND/IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER/FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY AND READY TO TRY ANTHING/JOBS WERE PLENTIFUL,AS WAS EVERYTHING ,BOYS ,DRUGS,AND ALCOHOL/MUSIC WAS FIERCE/I WAS IN MY PRIME 20YRS YOUNG/NEW FOUND BODY,LOST ALL THE BABY FAT,STILL MAINTAINED SOMETHING THAT RESEMBLED INNONCE,BUT WAS
MORE LIKE NAIEVETTE AND SOMETIMES IGNORANCE

LIGHTS COME DOWN,MUSIC SOFTENS(CHANGES),MOVE TO FRONT SIDE OF BED

TRANSITION
WHILE CHANGING FROM PARTY CLOTHES TO HOSPITAL GOWN

(IMPROV)
I BLACKED OUT,
SOMEWHERE,AT SOME TIME,SOMETHING EVIL HAD INVADED MY INNONCE,
I WAS ISOLATED,CONFINED,MADE TO FEEL LIKE A LEEPER,MY BODY WAS INVADED,EVERY ORIFICE EXPLORED BY THE PROBING INSTRUMENTS OF STRANGE AND TORTUROUS DEVICES,EVERY FLUID,BLOOD,SALIVA,MUCOUS, PHLEM,WHATEVER I PRODUCE,THEY EXAMINED,MY BRIGHT EYED WONDER,HAD BECOME,DANGEROUS, LIFE THREATNING.I WAS A GUINEA PIG,EXPLOITED AND EXPLORED.MY YOUTH LIKE MY IGNORANCE,HAD BECOME THE AMMUNITION FOR MY DEMISE.AIDS,THEY SAY I AM A TRANSMITTER OF THE VIRUS--LIARS
A CARRIER OF THE HIV VIRUS--NAW, ONLY WHITE BOYS GET THAT SHIT

STAGE GOES ALMOST COMPLETELY BLACK/MUSIC STOPS/MOVE FRONT CENTER

FUCKED FOR LIFE

I SAT ALONE IN DARKNESS
SILENTLY CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE

THE ONE MAN SHOW
"MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP"

INTRODUCTION

THE PANDEMIC IS NOW IN ITS 16TH YR.,AND THE AFRICAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY IS STILL IN DENIAL.WE ARE STILL BEING SILENT.

THE AFRICAN AMERICAN CHURCH HAS TRADITIONALY BEEN THE CENTER OF OUR COMMUNITY. YET IN DEALING WITH THIS PANDEMIC, IT HAS NOT ONLY FAILED US,BUT IN SOME INSTANTANCES,IT HAS BECOME ONE OF OUR BIGGEST OBSTACLES IN COMBATING THIS DEADLY VIRUS.
SILENCE IS THE ENEMY.

PONDERING THE EVENTS OF THE DAY

THINKING OF HOW TO END IT

IN A SILENT WAY

WITH AS LITTLE DISCOMFORT AS POSSIBLE
AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE

SLEEP WAS MY REFUGE

I WAS FUCKED FOR LIFE
20YRS YOUNG
FUCKED FOR LIFE

THE MASK I WEAR FOR PROTECTION
FELL FREE TO THE GROUND
SMASHED AND SHATTERED
BY THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN BODY

RESTLESSNESS
SWEPT OVER ME
LIKE THE TOUNGE OF AN ATTENTIVE LOVER
MY FLESH CRAWLS
MEMORIES OF HAPPIER TIMES
CLOUD THE CLEAR VIEW OF MY MINDS EYE

IWANTED TO SLEEP
TO EAT
TO LIE IN WAIT
AT THE FEET OF THE SEDUCER

DEATHS PRESENCE WAS INTOXICATING
MAKING ME DRUNK WITH CURIOSITY

HERE I WAS 20YRS YOUNG FUCKED FOR LIFE

IT WAS MY FATE
MINE

BLOOD TAINTED,RUINED
DELIVERED ANONUMOUSLY

I WAS FUCKED FOR LIFE

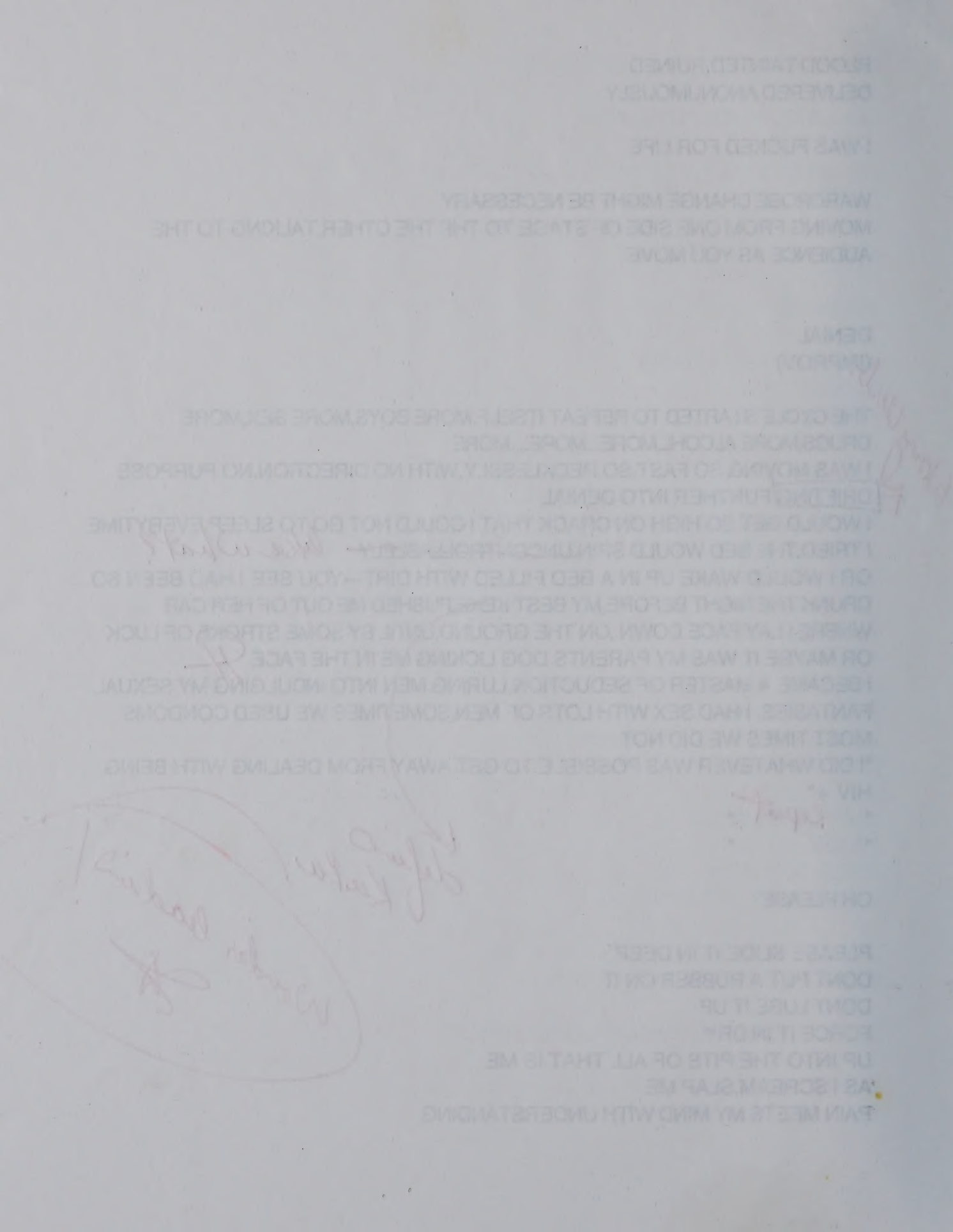
WARDROBE CHANGE MIGHT BE NECESSARY
MOVING FROM ONE SIDE OF STAGE TO THE THE OTHER,TALKING TO THE AUDIENCE AS YOU MOVE

DENIAL
(IMPROV)

THE CYCLE STARTED TO REPEAT ITSELF.MORE BOYS,MORE SEX,MORE DRUGS,MORE ALCOHL,MORE...MORE....MORE
I WAS MOVING SO FAST,SO RECKLESSLY,WITH NO DIRECTION,NO PURPOSE
DRIFTING FURTHER INTO DENIAL
I WOULD GET SO HIGH ON CRACK THAT I COULD NOT GO TO SLEEP,EVERYTIME I TRIED,THE BED WOULD SPIN UNCONTROLLABLELY
OR I WOULD WAKE UP IN A BED FILLED WITH DIRT---YOU SEE I HAD BEEN SO DRUNK THE NIGHT BEFORE,MY BEST KEKE,PUSHED ME OUT OF HER CAR WHERE I LAY FACE DOWN ,ON THE GROUND,UNTIL BY SOME STROKE OF LUCK OR MAYBE IT WAS MY PARENTS DOG LICKING ME IN THE FACE
I BECAME A MASTER OF SEDUCTION,LURING MEN INTO INDULGING MY SEXUAL FANTASIES. I HAD SEX WITH LOTS OF MEN,SOMETIMES WE USED CONDOMS MOST TIMES WE DID NOT
"I DID WHATEVER WAS POSSIBLE TO GET AWAY FROM DEALING WITH BEING HIV +"
" "
" "

OH PLEASE

PLEASE SLIDE IT IN DEEP
DONT PUT A RUBBER ON IT
DONT LUBE IT UP
FORCE IT IN DRY
UP INTO THE PITS OF ALL THAT IS ME
AS I SCREAM,SLAP ME
PAIN MEETS MY MIND WITH UNDERSTANDING



FUCK ME HARD
PULL MY HAIR
SHOUT OBSCENTIES IN MY EAR
STICK IT IN SIDEWAYS
SLAM INTO MY WALLS WITH ABANDON
MAKE ME BLEED LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE SLOWLY
ALONE
WITH MMY OWN SORROW
AS COMFORT

LIGHTS AND MUSIC COME UP-1ST BREAK

ACT2

FRONT AND CENTER/CONSERRVATIVELY DRESSED/AT A PODIUM/CURTAINS CLOSED

COMMERCIAL
I THINK THAT IT IS THE OPINION OR THE DESIRE OF THE MAJORITY THAT IF YOU HAVE HIV OR YOU ARE LIVING WITH AIDS;
YOU SHOULD NO LONGER BE SEXUAL.I SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS AS LONG AS IT IS A DECISION REACHED BY THE INDIVIDUAL WITH THE VIRUS/ DISEASE,AN NOT THE FEARS OF THOSE INDIVIDUALS NOT INFECTED,BEING FORCED UPON THEM. MAKING THE VICTIM RESPONSIBLE,THE AMERICAN WAY.
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PROTECTION IS AN INDIVIDUAL ONE.
HOWEVER ,IN ORDER FOR US TO STOP THE SPREAD OF HIV/ AIDS WE MUST PULL TOGETHER IN A COLLECTIVE EFFORT .AN EFFORT OF PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE BANDING TOGETHER,AND DEMANDING SOME EXPLAINATIONS FROM OUR GOVERNMENT FOR THE CONTINUAL AND SENLESS DEATHS OF OUR LOVED ONES.
THIS HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE AANOUNCEMENT

EXIT/PAUSE 15SEC/OPEN CURTAINS/IN BEDROOM/SITTING OR IN IT

DONT ASK DONT TELL

WELL YOU SEE, YOUR ACTIONS AND MY OBSERVATTIONS TELL ME
DEATH IS WHAT YOU SEEK
I'VE COME TO BRING YOUR SEARCH TO AN END
BY GIVING YOU WHAT YOU SEEK

INSTEAD OF CONSTANT CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL
WE CAN START WITH A KISS ON THE LIPS

THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR PILING ROCKS OF COCAINE
ON TOP OF BEDS OF CIGARETTE ASHES
SEARCHING FOR THE HIGH THAT CANT BE FOUND
WE CAN JUST SUCK EACH OTHER DRY
FORGET ABOUT PULLING STUNTS IN BANKS AND DEPARTMENT STORES,
OR WORKING STOLEN CREDIT CARDS
WE CAN FUCK ALL NIGHT LONG
NEVER BREAKING STRIDE
EYES CLOSED TIGHTLY
TEETH CLAMPED DOWN HARD IN FLESH
WHILE SCREAMS OF HEDONISTIC DELIGHT PIERCE THE NIGHT
VIBRATING FROM DEEP WITHIN OUR PSYCHES

I BROUGHT YOU HERE IN SEARCH OF THESE PLEASURES
FIRMLY KNOWING-DEATH-IS--WHAT--YOU SEEK
FIRMLY BELIEVING THAT YOU WANT ASK AND I WANT TELL

what is this poetry?

ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM/ SITS IN CHAIR/
SOLOMON IS SITTING IN HIS APARTMENT IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR ,WITH HIS FEET ON THE SEAT, KNEES AGAINST CHEST, ARMS WRAPPED AROUND HIS LEGS JUST BELOW THE KNEE.HIS CHIN IS NESTLED BETWEEN HIS KNEES AND SLOWING DRIPPING DOWN HIS LEGS.HE HAS BEEN IN THIS POSITION FOR THE LAST 15MIN.OR SO. HIS LAST DOCTORS APPOINTMENT(2 DAYS AGO) DID NOT GO WELL. THE X-RAY SHOWED SPOTS ON HIS LUNGS AND QUITE A BIT OF CONGESTION AND TRASH AS WELL. "THE ALIEN " ,HE SAYS,"HAS COME HOME TO ROOST AND RAISE HELL.HE RISES NOT BOTHERING TO WIPE AWAY TEARS AND GOES TO THE BEDROOM .HE PULLS A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FROM A DRAWER ,AND A NICE FAT JOINT FROM A WOODEN BOX. HE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN WHERE HE POURS HIMSELF A LARGE GLASS OF WATER , A BROWNIE AND SOME PAPER TOWELS AND HEADS BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM. HE SITS THE ITEMS DOWN IN AN ORDER THAT ONLY MAKES SENSE TO HIM,ON THE COFFEE TABLE NEXT TO THE CHAIR.HE WIPES HIS EYES AND BEGAN HIS LITTLE RITUAL.HE TAKES THE HANDKERCHIEF AND WIPES HIS EYES,THEN BLOWS HIS NOSE,FOLDS THE HANKIE IN HALF AND PLACES IT BACK ON THE COFFEE TABLE.HE TAHES A LONG DRNK FROM THE GLASS OF WATER AND PLACES IT BACK ON THE COASTER ON THE TABLE. HE THEN REMOVES A

LIGHTERFROM THE INSIDE OFA LARGE BOX IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE,CLOSES THE LID, REMOVES THE JOINT FROM BEHIND HIS EAR AND LIGHTS IT. HE TAKES SEVERAL LONG DRAGS FROM THE JOINT . THE LAST DRAG HE TAKES IS EXCEPTIONALLY LONG.HE CLOSE HIS EYES AND TRIES TO VISUALIZE THE SMOKE AS AS SPIRITS OF HIS ANCESTORS ,ENTERING HIS BODY TO DO BATTLE WITH THE ALIEN ENVADERS.AS HE RELEASES THE SMOKE FROM HIS LUNGS VERY SLOWY AND DELIBRATELY,HE SEES THE SMOKE AS THE EXPOSED AND DEFEATED ALIENS. HE WATCHES INTENTLY FOR A MOMENT, CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN LETTING HIS HEAD FALL BACK IN THE CHAIR, PULLING HIS FEET UP,WRAPPING HIS ARMS AROUND THEM,LETTING HIS CHIN REST IN THE CRADDLE OF HIS KNEES,WHILE RELEASING GENTLE SOBS. PLACING HIS FEET ON THE FLOOR, HE WIPES AWAY TEARS FROM HIS EYES WITH THE BACK OF HIS LEFT HAND WHILE REACHING FOR THE HANKIE WITH HIS RIGHT. AFTER CALMING HIMSELF HE REACHES FOR THE BROWNIE ,EATS HALF AN PLACES IT BACK ON THE TABLE . HE TAKES THE CORDLESS PHONE FROM THE TABLE, PRESSES SPEEDIAL1FOR HIS PARENTS HOME AND WAITS.

EMMANUEL----------HELLO?....

SOLOMON----------HEY BOY,WHATS UP LITTLE MAN!?

EMMANUEL----------ALRIGHT.UNCLE JAKE,NAW THIS UNCLE DAVID....

SOLOMON----------EMMANUEL,YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR UNCLES APART YET?!

EMMANUEL----------UN HUN,BUT I GOTTA SEE YOU,CAUSE,CAUSE YALL SOUND LIKE

SOLOMON----------OK,OK BOY WHERE'S GRANNY?

EMMANUEL----------BIG MOMMA TELEPHONE(VERY LOUDLY) WHEN YOU COMMING TO SEE US UNCLE SPEAK?

SOLOMON----------PROBABLY IN A FEW DAYS, AND I GOING TO BRING YOU A SURPRISE.

EMMANUEL----------OK,AND CAN WE GO SEE BATMAN?,AND WE CAN GO TO MCDONALDS,AND YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE MALL TO MY MOMMAS WORK,....

MOTHER----------LORD YOU CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS ASKING FOR SOMETHING.YOU AIN'T NEVER SATISFIED.
HAND ME THAT PHONE BOY.

EMMANUEL----------(STARTS TO THROW A TANTRUM)I WANNA TALK,I WANNA TALK.....

SOLOMON IS LAUGHING AT THE FAMILIARITY OF THIS SITUAION,LIKE A SCENE FROM HIS OWN CHILDHOOD .

MOTHER----------BOY!IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR NARROW TAIL.....
AUNTIE!COME AND GET THIS BOY,I'M TRYING TO TALK ON THIS PHONE.

SOLOMON----------HE'S QUITE A HANDFUL THESE DAYS,ISNT HE?

MOTHER----------HONEY YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT,THAT BOY,IF HE AIN'T BANGING THE DRUMS,HE'S TERRORIZING THESE OTHER CHILDREN, HONEY HE'S MORE THAN A HANFUL, HE'S A MESS!

SOLOMON----------WELL,DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM,HE HAS SOME PRETTY ROUGH UNCLES AND AUNTIES.

MOTHER----------BABY I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE COMING HOME THIS WEEKEND,AND YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL ME AFTER YOUR DOCTORS
APPOINTMENT ON FRIDAY,LORDHAVEMERCY,YOU
MOTHER----------YOU CHILDREN GONNA WORRY ME TO TILL I'M IN MY GRAVE.

SOLOMON----------I'M SORRY,I KNOW BUT,AFTER THAT DOCTORS APPOINTMENT, I WAS NOT IN THE MOOD TO TALK TO ANYONE.

I JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE.

MOTHER----------WELL.....BABY,HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING YOUR MEDICINE,YOU'VE BEEN DOIN WHAT THE DOCTTOR TOLD YOU ,HAVEN'T YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHILE YOU JUST WON'T MOVE BACK HOME SO I CAN SEE ABOUT.

SOLOMON----------I'M SCARED MOMMA.....

MOTHER----------(SILENCE.....)

SOLOMON----------I LOVE YOU MOMMA.....
(AND HE STARTS TO CRY)BUT I CAN'T COME HOME
NOT,WHILE I CAN STILL CARE FOR MYSELF.....
I MEAN(SHE INTERUPTS)

MOTHER----------YOU KNOW, A HARD HEAD WILL MAKE A SOFT BEHIND.BOY, YOU TOO DAMN HARD HEADED FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU CAN'T GET BETTER IF YOU'RE NOT TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF.

SOLOMON----------SO,JUST WHAT IS IT YOU THINK I'M DOING.

MOTHER----------YOU AIN'T TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF,OR YOU WOULDN'T BE SICK.

SOLOMON----------I HAVE AIDS,I'M GOING TO BE SICK SOMETIMES.
YOU THINK I'M RUNNING THE STREETS AND BEING WILD ! DON'T YOU?!

MOTHER----------THERE YOU GO,YOU DONE GOT YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP OVER NOTHING.

SOLOMON----------OH AND YOUR OPINION OF ME IS NOTHING.....

MOTHER----------NEVER HAS BEEN,HAS IT.....

SOLOMON----------THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE SAYING THAT IS BECAUSE I LIVE BY MY RULES AND REGULATIONS AND NOT BY YOURS.....

MOTHER----------UM HUM,LISTEN AT YOU,ALL THAT ANGER, YOU BETTER PRAY BOY. YOU NEED JESUS.(SHUT UP!
SHE YELLS AT EMAN.I CANT HERE MYSELF THINK)
LET ME GET OFF THIS PHONE AND FEED THESE BAD CHILDREN ,YOU MAKE SURE YOU GO TO CHURCH NEXT
SUNDAY AND PRAY BABY,GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED.
LORD,LORD THIS BOY DONE POURED SHOEPOLISH ALL OVER MY NEW RUG.(COME HERE EMMANUEL ,AUNTIE YELLS IN THE BACKGROUND)LET ME GO BABY,AUNTIE TRING TO GET DRESSED FOR WORK AND I NEED TO SEE BOUT THESE CHILDREN.I'LL CALL YOU LATER AND REMEMBER GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED.(THE PHONE GOES DEAD,WITH CONSTANT BUZZING IN HIS EAR HE SPEAKS INTO THE RECEIVER.

SOLOMON----------I JUST NEEDED TO TALK TO YOU.....
(A TEAR ROLLS DOWN HIS EYE AS HE RESUMES A FETAL POSITION IN HIS CHAIR)

THE STAGE GOES BLACK,GRADUALLY.LEAVING SOLOMON A SHADOWY FIGURE ON STAGE.EVENTUALLY HE ENDS UP IN TOTAL DARKNESS.HE EMERGES FROM THE
THE DARKNESS PERFORMING PRELUDE TO SILENCE.

SO WHY AREN'T OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS ASKING MORE QUESSTION.WHY AREN'T THEY RAISING MORE HELL! IS NOT THE DEATHS OF THEIR CHILDREN REASON ENOUGH TO QUESTION SOMEONE,SOMETHING,OTHER THAN THEMSELVES.INSTEAD THEY GRIEVE FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.THEY GRIEVE GREATLY ,BLAIMING THEMSELVES,BLAIMING THEIR CHILDREN.THEY GRIEVE WITH THE HOPES OF SORROW BEING ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE PAIN.BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S NOT ENOUGH.WHEN THE SORROW OF THE LOSS,THE MISDIRECTED BLAME CAN NO LONGER HOLD THE PAIN?WHERE DO WE RUN? WE DARE NOT TAKE TO GOD,FOR SURELY IT IS HE THAT BROUGHT ALL THIS TO BARE.
FOR THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS,FOR THE SINS OF OUR MOTHERS,
FOR THE SINS OF WE.

A THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AS CLOSE TO THE AUDIENCE AS POSSIBLE

UNTITLED #6
ENTOMBED IN A DISEEASE RIDDLED TEMPLE
TATTOOED WITH THE MARK OF THE BEAST
BREATH OF FIRE FULLED BY TOXINS
PERSCRIBED ON MERE SUGGESTED

MINDS TORMENTED, PERCECUTED,HAUNTED
BY VISIONS OF UNSPEAKABLE PAIN
CUT OFF FROM FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND LOVERS
BY FEAR OF RECOGNITION/REJECTION

TOSSING AND TURNING,SLEEP EVADES ME
THE NIGHT FINDS BODIES SOAKED WITH SWEAT
LUNGS GURGLE AND WHEEZE ,FILLED WITH PHLEGM
BOWELS BOIL AND BUBBLE OUT OF CONTROL
PROTESTING INVASION ON FOREIGN PARASITES

TRAPPED BY A LETHAL GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY
WITH DEATH AS THE MOST LOGICAL MEANS OF ESCAPE
RISE TO THE CHALLENGE OF WHAT LIVING HAS BECOME
MEET DEATH WITH A LOUD VOICE/CHALLEENGE SILENCE

INTERMISSION-10-15 MIN. LIGHT MUSIC,PREFERABLY THE GREAT LADIES OF JAZZ

ACT3
AILEN BIRTH

(AUDIENCE CONFRONTATION/FRONT CENTER)

NO I'M NOT A HEMOPHILIAC!
I'M NOT AN IV DRUG USERS
NO I DID NOT RECEIVE A BLOOD TRANSFUSION IN THE MID 80'S
I'M NOT A HEALTH CARE WORKER WHO WAS REPEATEDLY PRICKED WITH HIV INFECTED NEEDLES
I DID NOT GET THIS DISEASE FROM THE WARM AND LOVING CONFINES OF MY MOTHERS WOMB
NOR FROM A SISTA WITH A LESS THAN DESIREABLE REPUTATION

WHAT I AM IS A BLACK GAY MAN WITH AIDS
I CONTRACTED HIV BY HAVING UNPROTECTED SEX WITH ANOTHER BLACK GAY MAN WITH AIDS
WHAT I AM IS A SURVIOR/11 YEARS AND DEATH IS STILL TRYING TO SEDUCE ME
WHAT I AM IS HUMAN, SOMETIMES SACRED,, AND QUITE OFTEN ALONE
WHAT I AM IS PART OF A GROUP OF PEOPLLE THA PROVE THAT ALIEN LIFE FORMS CAN BE CREATED HERE ON EARTH

WHAT I HAVE BECOME IS ENRAGED /A MADD MUTHERFUCKER
I DON'T APPRECIATE RECEIVING SOMETHING I CAN'T TAKE BACK AND EXCHANGE FOR A LARGER SIZE, DIFFERENT STYLE OF COLOR,OR RETURN FOR A FULL REFUND WHEN DISSATISFIED WITH IT'S RESULTS
NO EXXCUSES PLEASE

YOU'RE REVEALING A SECRET TO THE AUDIENCE/ IN THE LIVING ROOM

PLEASE DON'T FIND ME MORBID WHEN MY RESPONSE TO NOT BEING SEXUAL IS "NO ONE WANTS TAINTTED DICK AND ASS"
AND DONT LAUGH WHEN I TELL YOU I LOOSE MY ERECTION,
WHEN A CONDOM IS PRESENTED FOR MY PROTECTION
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M DEATHS MESSENGER,WHEN I GIVE OUT OF BREATH FROM CLIMBING THE STAIRS

LIVING FOR ME HAS BECOME A CONSTANT BATTLE

FORGIVE ME FOR SOMETIMES NOT TELLING A TRICK
"I GOT THE PACKAGE",
IT DOESN'T GO WELL WITH
"TOSS MY SALAD PLEASE
UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN I THROW CONTLESS /ENDLESS MEDICAL BILLS
IN THE TRASH
I'M SIMPLY REFUSING TO PAY THE GOVERNMENT FOR FUCKING ME
INDULGE MY SELECTIVE MEMORY, SOME THINGS ARE JUST BETTER
FORGOTTEN

GETS UP AND MOVES INTO THE BEDROOM /SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED

KNOWING MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

PAST LESIONS COVERED SKIN
THROUGH FUNGI COVERED TISSUE
AROUND LAYERS OF DELUSION

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL HERE

BENEATH WALLS OF PAIN
SUFFERING, AND DISCOMFORT

I KNOW YOU'RE STILLL MY FRIEND

UNDER THE FALL OUT OF KEMO
AND SIDE EFFECTS OF AZT
BACTRIUM/DAPSONE

YOU'RE STILL MY MAN

BATTLING BOUTS OF THRUSH
SHINGLES/PNEUMONIA
AND DIMENSIA

STILL MY BROTHER

DAYS LIKE THESE

STANDS TO DELIVER THIS ONE/REMINISCING ABOUT" THE WAY IT WAS"
COMENTING ON THE "WHAT IS"

AND IT'S DAYS LIKE THESE,
WHEN I REALIZE
WHAT SEXUAL BEINGS
WE REALLY ARE
HOW IT IS SO INTERTWINED
IN THE VERY FIBER OF
WHO AND WHAT WE ARE
I EMBRACE THE WHOLE OF SELF
AND EXCEPT IT ENTIRELY AS IS
IF GOD CAN EXCEPT ALL THAT I AM,
THEN SO MUST I,AND
IT'S DAYS LIKES THESE
THAT MAKE ME WANT TO RETURN
TO OLD FAMILIAR ALLEYS,
BACKROOMS, AND BATHHOUSES, BEDRROOMS
AND ANY PLACE WHERE ONE COULD EXORCISE,
ONES SEXUAL NATURE
WITHOUT CARE OR WORRY
FROM ANYTHING TO STRONG FOR PENICILIN
OR PRAYER TO CURE
DAYS WHEN YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING SICK
TIRED OF BEING ALONE
TIRED OF MASTURBATING
TIRED OF BEING TIRED

IMPROV

REMAINING IN THE BEDROOM/

BEING SEXUAL, AND LIVING WITH AIDS, CAN BE A COMPLICATED SITUATION. THE CHALLENGES ARE MANY,THE CONCERNS NUMEROUS.
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT FROM TIME TO TIME MY SEX DRIVE HAS NOT BEEN VERY HIGH. BUT THERE ARE'NT ANY CONSTANTS WITH THE VIRUS. I CAN THINK OF FEW THINGS IN LIFE THAT ARE AS FRUSTRATING AS LYING IN A HOSPITAL BED ,IV IN MY ARM,OXYGEN TUBES IN MY NOSTRILS,DOPED UP,SITTING UP PHLEGM FEVERISH ,WITH A RAGING HARD ON.ANY MAN WITH IN EYESIGHT WAS IN DANGER.I IMAGINED MYSELF HAVING SEX WITH EVERY

WITH EVERY HALFWAY ATTRACTIVE MAN I SAW;THE DOCTORS,THE RESPITORY THERAPIST,THE PHLEBOTOMIST,THE OLDER GUY THAT SWEEPS UP,THE YOUNGER
GUY THAT TAKES ME TO X-RAY. ALL THESE NICE LOOKING BROTHERS AND I'M TRAPPED IN THIS DAMN BED LOOKING LIKE SHIT FEELING THE SAME, WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO CRAWL UP IN A HOSPITAL BED WITH A SICK BITCH. STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED.
LEARNING TO TALK ABOUT THESE SITUATIONS,HAS BEEN QUITE A TASK AS WELL.MY APPROACH IS SIMPLE.5 MINUTES,THE FIRST 5 MINUTES OF CONVERSATION IS WHEN I TRY AND TELL ANYONE I'M INTERESTED IN SEXUALLY,THAT I HAVE AIDS.THAT WAY THEY HAVE THE CHOICE TO CHOOSE IF BEING SEXUAL WITH ME IS MORE OF A RISK THAN THEY'RE PREPARED TO TAKE.
THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE BROTHER THAT IS IN DENIAL HIMSELF,FOR ANY NUMBER OF REASONS,AND DOES'NT WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIV/AIDS OR WHY HE'S TRYNGG TO DRINK HIMSELF INTO AN EARLY GRAVE.ONE HAS TO BECOME CREATIVE WHEN DEALING WITH BROTHERS THAT REFUSE TO HEAR THE TRUTH

WHAT IF

MOVE INTO LIVINGROOM THEN UPSTAGE FRONT CENTER

AND IF WHILE,
YOU THRUST YOUR PENIS INTO DEEPEST LIMITS MY ASS WILL OFFER
WOULD IT HELP,
IF WITH EACH STROKE,
AS YOU ENTERED ME,
I WHISPERED INTO YOUR EAR

I HAVE AIDS.FUCK ME LOVER, I HAVE AIDS
DEEPER ,YES! WORK ME BABY,I HAVE AIDS

WOULD YOU LOOSE YOUR ERECTION/go limp?
WOULD IT EVEN MATTER ?
WOULD YOU EVEN CONSIDER STOPPING?
COULD WE STOP AND TALK ABOUT IT THEN?
WHEN WILL YOU?.....
WHAT WILL IT TAKE?..... .....
FOR YOU TO TALK ABOUT IT.....

IMPROV

SOMETIMES YES,SOMETIMES NO,IT DEPENDS ON THE TIME OF THE MONTH,THE PHASE OF THE MOON,THE #OF DRINKS ONE HAS CONSUMED ,THE LENGTH OF TIME SINCE YOU WERE LAST TOUCHED BY ANOTHER MAN.OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH LATEX HAVE BECOME PARAMOUNT TO OUR SURVIVAL.ITS 1996 AND THIS ISSUE IS ONE THAT STILL HAUNTS US.BUT WHEN FACED WITH A FAILED ERECTION WHAT WOULD YOU DO? WHAT ARE THE #S LIKE ? HOW MANY OF US ARE STILL HAVING UNPROTECTD SEX.

GIVING UP (ITS SO HARD TO DO)

I UNDERSTAND THE LOOK OF LOSS /DESPAIR
THAT I SEE IN MY BROTHERS EYES
IT WAS NOT UNTIL I FELT THAT LOSS THAT DESPAIR
IN MY HEART THAT I UNDERSTOOD

GIVEN UP TOTATLY OF EVERFORMING A TRUE BOND

JERKING /SUCKING/FUCKING/TALKING ONE ANOTHER THROUGH
UNIVOLVED ORGASM

PROMISES/LIES ALL TO INFLATE EGOS

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF LIFES TRULY MEMOMORABLE MOMENTS.....
HAS BECOME ONE OF IT'S MOST D E A D L Y

IMPROV

THE # OF PEOPLE I KNOW PERSONALLY WHO HAVE DIED OF AIDS GROWS MORE AND MORE EACH DAY. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO END IN SIGHT , AND THAT TERRIFIED ME FOR QUITE SOME TIME.I WAS BARELY 27 AND THE LIST OF MY PEERS,MY BEST GIRLFRIENDS FROM BACK HOME,WHO ARE NO LONGER HERE IS STAGERING.THEY NEVER SAW 30.YOUNG BROTHERS,FULL OF LIFE AND AMBITION AND IN THE PRIME OF THEIR SEXUAL EXPERIENCES. THEY WERE CUT DOWN ,ATTACKED VISCOUSLY,WITH NO REMORSE, NO SYMPATHY. THEIR DEATHS SCARED ME MUCH WORSE THAN THE THOUGHT OF MY OWN IMPENDING DOOM.DEATH HUNG OVER ME LIKE THE FUNK FROM A SLAUGHTER HOUSE.~~ALWAYS THERE ,ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE.~~ CREEPED INTO

EVERY CRACK AND CREVICE LEFT UNPROTECTED.MY HEART WAS UNDER LOCK AND KEY,THERE WAS NO NEED FOR WORRY THERE, BUT MY MIND TORMENTED ME RELENTLESSLY.WILL THE DEAD VISIT ME WHEN I'M LONELY, WILL I DRIFT AWAY PAINLESSLY,CAN I COME BACK AND VISIT WHEN I'M GONE, WILL MY PARENTS CONSENT TO CREMATION, I WANT FEEL THE FIRE IF THEY DO! WILL I!?

WHAT /WHEN/WHY /HOW/WHERE/WHO WILL BE THERE.....

SOMETHING HAD TO BE CHANGED TO GIVE MY MIND RELASE FROM THE GRIPS OF FEAR.I WENT INTO THE HOUSE OF MY ANCESTORS AND PRAYED FOR GUIDANCE. THERE IN THE TEMPLE OF MY BELOVED ,I FOUND MY ANSWERS.

I LOOK AT DEATH THROUGH NEW EYES.DEATH BECOME AN ENTITY WITH CHARACTRISTICS THAT APPEALED TO ME.DYING BECAME A CEREMONY,I CALLED IT" THE SEDUCTION".DEATH BECOME A SPIRIT ,WHO WOULD COME TO PERFORM

THIS CEREMONY "THE LAST SEDUCTION". INHABITING HUMAN LIKE FORM,APEARING AS EXTREMELY DESIREABLE MEN,IN PHYSICAL STARURE AND FASCIAL STRUCTURE. THE ORGASM ,BECAME "THE JOURNEY". FINALLY I WOULD BE ABLE TO BE RELEASED FROM THE FLESH,FREE TO ROAM THE SPIRIT WORLD AND FIND MY PEACE THERE.

HE COMES HITHER/DEATH ROMANTICIZED

HE COMES HITHER
DRAPED IN A ROBE OF CRIMSON
ON WINGS THAT MAKE NO SOUND
~~IN THE~~ SHADOW OF MIST
HE COMES HITHER
EMBRACING ME/PREPARING ME FOR HIS TOUCH
LONG SINEWY MUSCLED FINGERS CARESS ~~ME~~
STRONG BLACK HANDS CRADLE ME
HIS GRIP IS GENTLE TO MY FLESH
BUT HOLDS TO MY SOUL LIKE JOY TO A CHILD
HE COMES HITHER
~~HE IS~~ AS DARK AS A MOONLESS SKY
HE IS TALL,AND OH! HOW HE TOWERS OVER ME
HIS LIPS ARE AS SOFT AS COTTON
AND SWEET TO TASTE
HIS EYES, I NEVER SEE

HE COMES HITHER
DEATH QUIVERS WITH EXCITEMENT
AS MY HANDS EXPLORE UNDER THE FOLDS OF HIS ROBE
HE COMES HITHER
DEATHS TOUCH SEPERATES FLESH FROM SPIRIT
HE COMES HITHER
A NEW SOUL ACQUIRED
MASTER OF SEDUCTION
AN OLD HUNGER QUELLED
FORSAKER OF NONE
HE COMES HITHER

EDITORIAL

FRONT AND CENTER

FOR BLACK MEN WHO LOVE BLACK MEN
INTIMACY AND ITS MAINTENANCE SEEM TO BE A VERY DIFFICULT TASK.
NOT ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE ,BUT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.
IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKES YOU SAY "IN A PERFECT WORLD"
BUT WERE NOT IN A PERFECT WORLD.WE INHABIT THE MOST RACIST AND
HOMOPHOBIC COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

A SUBCULTURE OF A CULTURE, A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY,BOTTOM OF
THE TOTEM POLE AND SOME HOW STILL SURVING.

THIS DOES NOT MAKE EXCUSES FOR THE WAY WE TREAT ONE ANOTHER.IT IS
INTENDE AS A REALISTIC REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE BETTER AT
COMFORTING ONE ANOTHER.ONE COULD ALSO SAY THIS IS A PRAYER FOR
STENGTH.
STRENGTH ENOUGH TO DO THE RIGHT THING,STRENGTH OF
CONVICTIONS,STRENGTH TO MAKE A DECISION TO MAKE A CHANGE.THROUGH
ALL OBSTACLES TO STICK TO IT,AND MAINTAIN MT IDENTITY, MY INTEGRITY
AND PRIDE IN WHO AND WHAT I AM.
A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS
THE OPIONS EXPRESSED REMAIN INDEPEDENT OF THOSE EMBRACED BY THE
STATION.

NOTES ON SILENCE

I MUST START BY SAYING ,"I'M ALIVE"!
IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A LARGE BLESSING THAT WE GIVE SO LITTLE THOUGHT.

WE LIVE IN DESPERATE TIMES.WE LIVE IN DESPERATE TIMES. WE'VE BECOME CUT OFF FROM EACH OTHER,FROM THE LOVE AWE NEED TO SHARE WITH EACH OTHER TO SURVIVE.
THE ENEMY IS SILENCE.
IT IS DEADLY.
SILENCE PUSHES US FURTHER INTO DARKNESS,AND AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER.AWAY FROM FAMILY ,FRIENDS,LOVERS, ACQUAINTANCESES,AND EVENTUALLY LIFE.
SILENCE IS KILLING MORE OF US THAN HIV/AIDS OR VIOLENCE.

WE WERE TO DIVIDE ON TO MANY ISSUES.YET WE ALWAYS HAD SEX AS A MEANS OF CUTTING THROUGH THE MENIAL THINGS.
WECATCH OUR BREATH,MAKE COMPRIMISE AND JUST WHEN A LARGE GROUP OF US ARE DEALING,SILENCE SURFACES AGAIN.1/4 OF US HAVE DISREGARDED
THE NOTION THAT UNPROTETED SEX IS DANGEROUS,OTHERS USE THE EXCUSE THAT WE ARE ALL INFECTED,OR WE STOP HAVING INTERCOURSE ALTOGETHER
THAT LEAVES THE REST OF US TRING TO BE SUPPORT FOR US ALL.

ONE MAN SHOW

CONCLUSION

THE FIGHT MUST GO ON!
THER IS STILL TOO MUCH BEAUTY IN LIFE TO EXPLORE,
TO JUST STOP HERE.
SO,SO MANY STORIES TO TELL,
SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE
AND DONT ASK WHY!
IT JUST HAS TO BE DONE.
THERE IS MUSIC TO HEAR,FILMS TO VIEW,PLAYS TO SEE,POEMS TO BE READ
LOVE TO BE MADE.
ITS ALL PART OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS
THIS CREATIVE THAT SHAKES ME TILL MY SOUL CRIES OUT
WITH THE TEARS THAT ARE MY SALVATION

IT ALL SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE,
SEEMS LIKE SUCH AN AGONIZING TASK
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I HAVE ?
DO I GIVE IN TO SORROW, GIVE IN TO PITY,
DWELL ON WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE, SHOULD HAVE DONE!?
NO. NO I DONT THINK SO.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN,LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DESCENDANT OF GREAT AFRICAN QUEENS AND KINGS.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DECENDANT OF GENERATIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE ONCE SLAVES.
(PROPERTY)

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

OH,OH FREEDOM
OH,OH FREEDOM

OH,OH FREEDOM
O"ER ME
AND BEFORE I'LL GIVE IN TO AIDS
I'LL BE BURIED IN MY GRAVE
AND GO HOME TO MY LORD AND BE FREE*

SOUND

" MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP"

START IN DARKNESS - LIGHTS UP - FADE MUSIC AS TOMMY BEGIN TO MOVE DSC TO SPEAK...

ACT 1 → (Q1) (DO YOU WANNA FUNK)
SCENE 1
THE WAY IT WAS
BEDROOM /PREPARING TO GO TO THE BAR DRESSED IN CLUB WEAR /CHANGING OUTFITS LOOKING FOR THE ILLUSION FOR THE NIGHT
MUSIC-"IT'S JUST AN ILLUSION

(IMPROV)
I SMOKED TILL I WAS HIGH.
I DRANK TILL I WAS DRUNK.
I SLEPT AROUND, AND AROUND, AND AROUND, AND AROUND.....
AND I DANCED! BABY, I DANCED. THE MUSIC WAS FIERCE AND I DANCED UNTIL MY CLOTHES WERE SOAKED WITH SWEAT. I DANCED TILL I COULDN'T DANCE NO MORE. THE MUSIC WAS ALIVE. NEW AND EXCITING, NOTHING LIKE WHAT I WAS USED TO HEARING IN THE SMALL BARS DOWN SOUTH. IT WAS DIFFERENT! EVERYTHING WAS PLENTIFUL, AND FOR A YOUNG MAN FRESH OFF THE FARM, LIKE MYSELF, I OVER INDULGED. I HAD TOO MUCH OF EVERYTHING; DRUGS, SEX, ALCOHOL, SEX, SEX...IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER.
I WAS 20YRS YOUNG. I HAD JUST LOST 25LBS OF BABY FAT, I WAS CUTE
AND STILL A LITTLE INNOCENCE...OK,OK,MAYBE IGNORANT IS MORE APPROPRIATE.
I WAS LIVING, OH BABY, I WAS LIVING, JUST LIVING!

SCENE 2
LIGHTS COME DOWN,MUSIC SOFTENS(CHANGES),MOVE TO FRONT SIDE OF BED
WHILE CHANGING FROM PARTY CLOTHES TO HOSPITAL GOWN

SOMEWHERE ALL THAT LIVING CAUGHT UP WITH ME, AND I WAS JUST A LITTLE TOO HIGH TOO OFTEN, A LITTLE TOO DRUNK,I WAS TWIRLING,TWIRLING AND SPINNING AND SUDDENLY I, I.....
(IMPROV) I BLACKED OUT,
SOMEWHERE,AT SOME TIME,SOMETHING EVIL HAD INVADED MY INNOCENCE,
I WAS ISOLATED,CONFINED,MADE TO FEEL LIKE A LEEPER,MY BODY WAS INVADED,EVERY ORIFICE EXPLORED BY THE PROBING INSTRUMENTS OF
STRANGE AND TORTUROUS DEVICES,EVERY FLUID;BLOOD,SALIVA,MUCOUS,
PHLEGM,WHATEVER I PRODUCE THEY EXAMINED, MY BRIGHT EYED WONDER,HAD
BECOME,DANGEROUS, LIFE THREATNING.I WAS A GUINEA PIG,EXPLOITED AND
EXPLORED.MY YOUTH LIKE MY IGNORANCE,HAD BECOME THE AMMUNITION FOR MY DEMISE.AIDS,THEY SAY I AM A TRANSMITTER OF THE VIRUS--LIARS
A CARRIER OF THE HIV VIRUS--NAW! ONLY WHITE BOYS GET THAT SHIT.

STAGE GOES ALMOST COMPLETELY BLACK
SCENE 3
FUCKED FOR LIFE

I SAT ALONE IN DARKNESS
SILENTLY CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE
PONDERING THE EVENTS OF THE DAY

THINKING OF HOW TO END IT

IN A SILENT WAY

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WITH AS LITTLE DISCOMFORT AS POSSIBLE
AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE

SLEEP WAS MY REFUGE

I WAS FUCKED- FOR LIFE
20YRS YOUNG
FUCKED- FOR LIFE

THE MASK I WEAR FOR PROTECTION
FELL FREE TO THE GROUND
SMASHED AND SHATTERED
BY THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN BODY

RESTLESSNESS
SWEPT OVER ME
LIKE THE TONGUE OF AN ATTENTIVE LOVER
MY FLESH CRAWLS
MEMORIES OF HAPPIER TIMES
CLOUD THE CLEAR VIEW OF MY MINDS EYE

IWANTED TO SLEEP
TO EAT
TO LIE IN WAIT
AT THE FEET OF THE SEDUCER

DEATHS PRESENCE WAS INTOXICATING
MAKING ME DRUNK WITH CURIOSITY

HERE I WAS 20YRS YOUNG
FUCKED- FOR LIFE

IT WAS MY FATE
MINE
BLOOD TAINTED,RUINED
DELIVERED ANONYMOUSLY

I WAS FUCKED- FOR LIFE — (Q2)

(DO YA WANNA FUNK)

MUSIC STARTS
AS TONY RISES FROM DSR
STOOL TO GET TOWEL-
APPROACH DRESSER-
MUSIC FADES AS TONY
MOVE DSC TO SPEAK

SCENE 4
LIGHTS COME UP GRADUALLY

DENIAL
(IMPROV)

THE CYCLE STARTED TO REPEAT ITSELF. MORE BOYS, MORE SEX, MORE DRUGS,
MORE ALCOHOL, MORE...MORE....MORE.
I WAS MOVING SO FAST, SO RECKLESSLY, WITH NO DIRECTION, NO PURPOSE
DRIFTING FURTHER INTO DENIAL.
I WOULD GET SO HIGH ON CRACK THAT I COULDN'T SLEEP, EVERYTIME
I TRIED, THE BED WOULD SPIN OUT OF CONTROL.
I BECAME A MASTER OF SEDUCTION, LURING MEN INTO INDULGING MY SEXUAL
FANTASIES. I HAD SEX WITH LOTS OF MEN, SOMETIMES WE USED CONDOMS
MOST TIMES WE DID NOT.
"I DID WHATEVER WAS POSSIBLE TO GET AWAY FROM DEALING WITH BEING
HIV +"
" "
" "

SCENE 4 CONT
OH PLEASE

PLEASE SLIDE IT IN DEEP
DONT PUT A RUBBER ON IT
DONT LUBE IT UP
FORCE IT IN DRY
UP INTO THE PITS OF ALL THAT IS ME
AS I SCREAM,SLAP ME
PAIN MEETS MY MIND WITH UNDERSTANDING
FUCK ME HARD
PULL MY HAIR
SHOUT OBSCENITIES IN MY EAR
STICK IT IN SIDEWAYS
SLAM INTO MY WALLS WITH ABANDON
MAKE ME BLEED
LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE SLOWLY
ALONE
WITH MY OWN SORROW
AS COMFORT

ACT2
SCENE 1
FRONT AND CENTER/CONSERVATIVELY DRESSED/AT A PODIUM/CURTAINS CLOSED FULLY LIGHTED OR A CENTER SPOT

COMMERCIAL
I THINK THAT IT IS THE OPINION OR THE DESIRE OF THE MAJORITY
THAT IF YOU HAVE HIV OR YOU ARE LIVING WITH AIDS;
YOU SHOULD NO LONGER BE SEXUAL. I SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS AS
LONG AS IT IS A DECISION REACHED BY THE INDIVIDUAL WITH THE VIRUS/
DISEASE, AN NOT THE FEARS OF THOSE INDIVIDUALS NOT INFECTED, BEING FORCED UPON THEM. MAKING THE VICTIM
RESPONSIBLE, THE AMERICAN WAY.
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PROTECTION IS AN INDIVIDUAL ONE.

Q3
RECORDED PUBLIC
SERVICE ANN.

HOWEVER, IN ORDER FOR US TO STOP THE SPREAD OF HIV/ AIDS WE MUST
PULL TOGETHER IN A COLLECTIVE EFFORT. AN EFFORT OF PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE BANDING TOGETHER,AND DEMANDING SOME EXPLANATIONS FROM OUR GOVERNMENT, FOR THE CONTINUAL AND SENSELESS DEATHS OF OUR LOVED ONES.
THIS HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT.

EXIT/PAUSE 15SEC /IN BEDROOM /SITTING OR STANDING
SLOWLY, DON'T RUSH THIS ONE /SEDUCTIVE AND PLEADING
SCENE 2
DONT ASK DONT TELL

WELL YOU SEE, YOUR ACTIONS AND MY OBSERVATIONS TELL ME
DEATH- IS- WHAT- YOU- SEEK
I'VE COME TO BRING YOUR SEARCH TO AN END
BY GIVING YOU WHAT- YOU- SEEK

INSTEAD OF CONSTANT CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL
WE CAN START WITH A KISS ON THE LIPS

THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR PILING ROCKS OF COCAINE
ON TOP OF BEDS OF CIGARETTE ASHES
SEARCHING FOR THE HIGH THAT CANT BE FOUND
WE CAN JUST SUCK EACH OTHER DRY

FORGET ABOUT PULLING STUNTS IN BANKS AND DEPARTMENT STORES,
OR WORKING STOLEN CREDIT CARDS
WE CAN FUCK ALL NIGHT LONG
NEVER BREAKING STRIDE
EYES CLOSED TIGHTLY
TEETH CLAMPED DOWN HARD IN FLESH
WHILE SCREAMS OF HEDONISTIC DELIGHT PIERCE THE NIGHT
VIBRATING FROM DEEP WITHIN OUR PSYCHES

(SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK)
MUSIC START ON DON'T ASK-
DON'T TELL CONTINUES FADES
ON A THREE COUNT AS TONY
STARTS TO USE PHONE

I BROUGHT YOU HERE IN SEARCH OF THESE PLEASURES
FIRMLY KNOWING-DEATH-IS--WHAT--YOU SEEK
FIRMLY BELIEVING THAT YOU ~~WANT~~ ASK- AND I ~~WANT~~ TELL
SCENE 3 — WON'T — WON'T
ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM/ SITS IN CHAIR/ DIRECTORS NOTES
SOLOMON IS SITTING IN HIS APARTMENT IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR ,WITH HIS FEET ON THE SEAT, KNEES AGAINST CHEST, ARMS WRAPPED AROUND HIS LEGS JUST BELOW THE KNEE.HIS CHIN IS NESTLED BETWEEN HIS KNEES AND TEARS ARE SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN HIS LEGS.HE HAS BEEN IN THIS POSITION FOR THE LAST 15MIN.OR SO. HIS LAST DOCTORS APPOINTMENT(2 DAYS AGO) DID NOT GO WELL. THE X-RAY SHOWED SPOTS ON HIS LUNGS AND QUITE A BIT OF CONGESTION AND TRASH AS WELL. "THE ALIEN " ,HE SAYS,"HAS COME HOME TO ROOST AND RAISE HELL.HE RISES NOT BOTHERING TO WIPE AWAY TEARS AND GOES TO THE BEDROOM .HE PULLS A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FROM A DRAWER ,AND A NICE FAT JOINT FROM A WOODEN BOX,AND PLACES IT BEHIND HIS EAR. HE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN WHERE HE POURS HIMSELF A LARGE GLASS OF WATER, GRABS A BROWNIE AND SOME PAPER TOWELS AND HEADS BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM. HE SITS THE ITEMS DOWN IN AN ORDER THAT ONLY MAKES SENSE TO HIM,ON THE COFFEE TABLE NEXT TO THE CHAIR.HE WIPES HIS EYES AND BEGINS HIS LITTLE RITUAL.HE TAKES THE HANDKERCHIEF AND WIPES HIS EYES,THEN BLOWS HIS NOSE,FOLDS THE HANKIE IN HALF AND PLACES IT BACK ON THE COFFEE TABLE.HE TAKES A LONG DRINK FROM THE GLASS OF WATER AND PLACES IT BACK ON THE COASTER ON THE TABLE. HE THEN REMOVES A LIGHTER FROM THE INSIDE OF A LARGE BOX IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE,CLOSES THE LID, REMOVES THE JOINT FROM BEHIND HIS EAR AND LIGHTS IT. HE TAKES SEVERAL LONG DRAGS FROM THE JOINT . THE LAST DRAG HE TAKES IS EXCEPTIONALLY LONG.HE CLOSE HIS EYES AND TRIES TO VISUALIZE THE SMOKE AS SPIRITS OF HIS ANCESTORS ,ENTERING HIS BODY TO DO BATTLE WITH THE ALIEN INVADERS.AS HE RELEASES THE SMOKE FROM

HIS LUNGS VERY SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY,HE SEES THE SMOKE AS THE EXPOSED AND DEFEATED ALIENS. HE WATCHES INTENTLY FOR A MOMENT, CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN LETTING HIS HEAD FALL BACK IN THE CHAIR, PULLING HIS FEET UP,WRAPPING HIS ARMS AROUND THEM,LETTING HIS CHIN REST IN THE CRADLE OF HIS KNEES,WHILE RELEASING GENTLE SOBS. PLACING HIS FEET ON THE FLOOR, HE WIPES AWAY TEARS FROM HIS EYES WITH THE BACK OF HIS LEFT HAND WHILE REACHING FOR THE HANKIE WITH HIS RIGHT. AFTER CALMING HIMSELF HE REACHES FOR THE BROWNIE ,EATS HALF AN PLACES IT BACK ON THE TABLE . HE TAKES THE CORDLESS PHONE FROM THE TABLE, PRESSES SPEEDIAL 1 FOR HIS PARENTS HOME AND WAITS.

EMMANUEL

SOLOMON

EMMANUEL

SOLOMON

EMMANUEL

SOLOMON

EMMANUEL

SOLOMON

EMMANUEL

MOTHER

EMMANUEL

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER HELLO?....

HEY BOY,WHATS UP LITTLE MAN!?

ALRIGHT.UNCLE JAKE,NAW THIS UNCLE DAVID....

EMMANUEL,YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR UNCLES APART YET?!

UN HUN, BUT I GOTTA SEE YOU, CAUSE, CAUSE YALL SOUND LIKE

OK,OK BOY WHERE'S GRANNY?

BIG MOMMA TELEPHONE(VERY LOUDLY) WHEN YOU COMMING TO SEE US UNCLE SPEAK?

PROBABLY IN A FEW DAYS, AND I GOING TO BRING YOU A SURPRISE.

OK,AND CAN WE GO SEE BATMAN?,AND WE CAN GO TO MCDONALDS,AND YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE MALL TO MY MOMMAS WORK,....

LORD YOU CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS ASKING FOR SOMETHING.YOU AIN'T NEVER SATISFIED. HAND ME THAT PHONE BOY.

(STARTS TO THROW A TANTRUM)I WANNA TALK,I WANNA TALK.....

SOLOMON IS LAUGHING AT THE FAMILIARITY OF THIS SITUAION,LIKE A SCENE FROM HIS OWN CHILDHOOD.

BOY! IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR NARROW TAIL.....AUNTIE! COME AND GET THIS BOY, I'M TRYING TO TALK ON THIS PHONE.

HE'S QUITE A HANDFUL THESE DAYS,ISNT HE?

HONEY YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT,THAT BOY,IF HE AIN'T BANGING THE DRUMS,HE'S TERRORIZING THESE OTHER CHILDREN, HONEY HE'S MORE THAN A HANDFUL, HE'S A MESS!

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM,HE HAS SOME PRETTY ROUGH UNCLES AND AUNTIES.

BABY I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE COMING HOME THIS WEEKEND,AND YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL ME AFTER YOUR DOCTORS APPOINTMENT ON FRIDAY,LORDHAVEMERCY,YOU YOU CHILDREN GONNA WORRY ME TO TILL I'M IN MY GRAVE.

I'M SORRY,I KNOW BUT,AFTER THAT DOCTORS APPOINTMENT, I WAS NOT IN THE MOOD TO TALK TO ANYONE. I JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE.

WELL.....BABY,HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING YOUR MEDICINE,YOU'VE BEEN DOIN WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU ,HAVEN'T YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHILE YOU JUST WON'T MOVE BACK HOME SO I CAN SEE ABOUT.

I'M SCARED MOMMA.....

(SILENCE.....)

I LOVE YOU MOMMA.....
(AND HE STARTS TO CRY)BUT I CAN'T COME HOME
NOT,WHILE I CAN STILL CARE FOR MYSELF.....
I MEAN(SHE INTERRUPTS)

YOU KNOW, A HARD HEAD WILL MAKE A SOFT BEHIND.BOY, YOU TOO DAMN HARD HEADED FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU CAN'T GET BETTER IF YOU'RE NOT TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF.

SO,JUST WHAT IS IT YOU THINK I'M DOING.

YOU AIN'T TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF,OR YOU WOULDN'T BE SICK.

I HAVE AIDS,I'M GOING TO BE SICK SOMETIMES.
YOU THINK I'M RUNNING THE STREETS AND BEING WILD ! DON'T YOU?!

THERE YOU GO,YOU DONE GOT YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP OVER NOTHING.

OH AND YOUR OPINION OF ME IS NOTHING.....

MOTHER

SOLOMON

MOTHER

SOLOMON NEVER HAS BEEN,HAS IT.....

THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE SAYING THAT IS BECAUSE I LIVE BY MY RULES AND REGULATIONS AND NOT BY YOURS.....

UM HUM,LISTEN AT YOU,ALL THAT ANGER, YOU BETTER PRAY BOY. YOU NEED JESUS.(SHUT UP! SHE YELLS AT EMAN.I CANT HERE MYSELF THINK) LET ME GET OFF THIS PHONE AND FEED THESE BAD CHILDREN ,YOU MAKE SURE YOU GO TO CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY AND PRAY BABY,GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED.
LORD,LORD THIS BOY DONE POURED SHOEPOLISH ALL OVER MY NEW RUG.(COME HERE EMMANUEL ,AUNTIE YELLS IN THE BACKGROUND)LET ME GO BABY,AUNTIE TRYING TO GET DRESSED FOR WORK AND I NEED TO SEE BOUT THESE CHILDREN. I'LL CALL YOU LATER AND REMEMBER GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED.(THE PHONE GOES DEAD,WITH CONSTANT BUZZING IN HIS EAR HE SPEAKS INTO THE RECEIVER.)

I JUST NEEDED TO TALK TO YOU.....(A TEAR ROLLS DOWN HIS EYE AS HE RESUMES A FETAL POSITION IN HIS CHAIR)
THE STAGE GOES BLACK,GRADUALLY.LEAVING SOLOMON A SHADOWY FIGURE ON STAGE.EVENTUALLY HE ENDS UP IN TOTAL DARKNESS.HE EMERGES FROM THE
DARKNESS PERFORMING PRELUDE TO SILENCE.ANGRY AND QUESTIONING.

SO WHY AREN'T OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS ASKING MORE QUESTION. WHY AREN'T THEY RAISING MORE HELL! IS NOT THE DEATHS OF THEIR CHILDREN REASON ENOUGH TO QUESTION SOMEONE, SOMETHING, OTHER THAN THEMSELVES. INSTEAD THEY GRIEVE FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS. THEY GRIEVE GREATLY, BLAMING THEMSELVES, BLAMING THEIR CHILDREN. THEY GRIEVE WITH THE HOPES OF SORROW BEING ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE PAIN. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
WHEN THE SORROW OF THE LOSS, THE MISDIRECTED BLAME CAN NO LONGER HOLD THE PAIN? WHERE DO WE RUN? WE DARE NOT TAKE IT TO GOD, FOR SURELY IT IS HE THAT BROUGHT ALL THIS TO BARE.
FOR THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS, FOR THE SINS OF OUR MOTHERS,
FOR THE SINS OF WE.
AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AS CLOSE TO THE AUDIENCE AS POSSIBLE

UNTITLED #6

ENTOMBED IN A DISEASE RIDDLED TEMPLE
TATTOOED WITH THE MARK OF THE BEAST
BREATH OF FIRE FUELED BY TOXINS
PRESCRIBED ON MERE SUGGESTED

MINDS TORMENTED, PERCECUTED,HAUNTED
BY VISIONS OF UNSPEAKABLE PAIN
CUT OFF FROM FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND LOVERS
BY FEAR OF RECOGNITION/REJECTION

TOSSING AND TURNING,SLEEP EVADES ME
THE NIGHT FINDS BODIES SOAKED WITH SWEAT
LUNGS GURGLE AND WHEEZE ,FILLED WITH PHLEGM
BOWELS BOIL AND BUBBLE OUT OF CONTROL
PROTESTING INVASION ON FOREIGN PARASITES

TRAPPED BY A LETHAL GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY
WITH DEATH AS THE MOST LOGICAL MEANS OF ESCAPE
RISE TO THE CHALLENGE OF WHAT LIVING HAS BECOME
MEET DEATH WITH A LOUD VOICE/CHALLENGE SILENCE

INTERMISSION-10-15 MIN. LIGHT MUSIC,PREFERABLY THE GREAT LADIES OF JAZZ

ACT3
SCENE 1
ALIEN BIRTH

AUDIENCE CONFRONTATION/FRONT CENTER/REARSTAGE IS DIM/UPSTAGE IS BRIGHT

NO I'M NOT A HEMOPHILIAC!
I'M NOT AN IV DRUG USERS!
NO I DID NOT RECEIVE A BLOOD TRANSFUSION IN THE MID 80'S
I'M NOT A HEALTH CARE WORKER WHO WAS REPEATEDLY PRICKED WITH HIV INFECTED NEEDLES

I DID NOT GET THIS DISEASE FROM THE WARM AND LOVING CONFINES OF MY MOTHERS WOMB
NOR FROM A SISTA WITH A LESS THAN DESIRABLE REPUTATION

WHAT I AM IS A BLACK GAY MAN WITH AIDS
I CONTRACTED HIV BY HAVING UNPROTECTED SEX WITH ANOTHER
BLACK GAY MAN WITH AIDS

WHAT I AM IS A SURVIOR/11 YEARS AND DEATH IS STILL TRYING
TO SEDUCE ME
WHAT I AM IS HUMAN, SOMETIMES SACRED, AND QUITE OFTEN ALONE
WHAT I AM IS PART OF A GROUP OF PEOPLE THAT PROVE THAT ALIEN LIFE FORMS CAN BE CREATED HERE ON EARTH

WHAT I HAVE BECOME IS ENRAGED /A MAD MUTHERFUCKER
I DON'T APPRECIATE RECEIVING SOMETHING I CAN'T TAKE BACK AND EXCHANGE FOR A LARGER SIZE, DIFFERENT STYLE OF COLOR,OR RETURN
FOR A FULL REFUND WHEN DISSATISFIED WITH IT'S RESULTS

NO EXCUSES PLEASE

YOU'RE REVEALING A SECRET TO THE AUDIENCE/MOVE INTO THE BEDROOM
LIGHTS COME UPON ENTRANCE

PLEASE DON'T FIND ME MORBID WHEN MY RESPONSE TO NOT BEING SEXUAL IS "NO ONE WANTS TAINTED DICK AND ASS"
AND DONT LAUGH WHEN I TELL YOU I LOOSE MY ERECTION,
WHEN A CONDOM IS PRESENTED FOR MY PROTECTION
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M DEATHS MESSENGER,WHEN I GIVE OUT OF BREATH FROM CLIMBING THE STAIRS

LIVING FOR ME HAS BECOME A CONSTANT BATTLE

FORGIVE ME FOR SOMETIMES NOT TELLING A TRICK
"I GOT THE PACKAGE",
IT DOESN'T GO WELL WITH
"TOSS MY SALAD PLEASE
UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN I THROW COUNTLESS /ENDLESS MEDICAL BILLS
IN THE TRASH
I'M SIMPLY REFUSING TO PAY THE GOVERNMENT FOR FUCKING ME
INDULGE MY SELECTIVE MEMORY, SOME THINGS ARE JUST BETTER FORGOTTEN

GETS UP AND MOVES INTO THE LIVINGROOM /SITS IN THE CHAIR/LIGHTS GO OUT IN BEDROOM COME UP IN THE LIVINGROOM

KNOWING MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

PAST LESIONS COVERED SKIN
THROUGH FUNGI COVERED TISSUE
AROUND LAYERS OF DELUSION

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL HERE

BENEATH WALLS OF PAIN
SUFFERING, AND DISCOMFORT

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL MY FRIEND

UNDER THE FALL OUT OF KEMO
AND SIDE EFFECTS OF AZT
BACTRIUM/DAPSONE/FLUCONAZOLE

YOU'RE STILL MY MAN

BATTLING BOUTS OF THRUSH
SHINGLES/PNEUMONIA
AND DEMENTIA

STILL MY BROTHER
SCENE 2
DAYS LIKE THESE

STANDS TO DELIVER THIS ONE/REMINISCING ABOUT" THE WAY IT WAS"
COMMENTING ON THE "WHAT IS"/REMAINING IN THE LIVINGROOM

AND IT'S DAYS LIKE THESE,
WHEN I REALIZE
WHAT SEXUAL BEINGS
WE REALLY ARE
HOW IT IS SO INTERTWINED
IN THE VERY FIBER OF
WHO AND WHAT WE ARE
I EMBRACE THE WHOLE OF SELF
AND EXCEPT IT ENTIRELY AS IS
IF GOD CAN EXCEPT ALL THAT I AM,
THEN SO MUST I,AND
IT'S DAYS LIKES THESE
THAT MAKE ME WANT TO RETURN
TO OLD FAMILIAR ALLEYS,
BACKROOMS, AND BATHHOUSES, BEDRROOMS
AND ANY PLACE WHERE ONE COULD EXORCISE,
ONES SEXUAL NATURE
WITHOUT CARE OR WORRY
FROM ANYTHING TO STRONG FOR PENICILLIN
OR PRAYER TO CURE
DAYS WHEN YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING SICK
TIRED OF BEING ALONE
TIRED OF MASTURBATING
TIRED OF BEING TIRED
IMPROV
REMAINING IN THE LIVINGROOM

BEING SEXUAL, AND LIVING WITH AIDS, CAN BE A COMPLICATED SITUATION.
THE CHALLENGES ARE MANY,THE CONCERNS NUMEROUS.
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT FROM TIME TO TIME MY SEX DRIVE HAS NOT BEEN
VERY HIGH. BUT THERE ARE'NT ANY CONSTANTS WITH THE VIRUS. I CAN THINK
OF FEW THINGS IN LIFE THAT ARE AS FRUSTRATING AS LYING
IN A HOSPITAL BED, IV IN MY ARM, OXYGEN TUBES IN MY NOSTRILS, DOPED
UP, SPITTING UP PHLEGM FEVERISH, WITH A RAGING HARD ON.
I IMAGINED MYSELF HAVING SEX WITH EVERY HALFWAY ATTRACTIVE MAN I SAW;THE DOCTORS, THE RESPIRATORY THERAPIST, THE PHLEBOTOMIST, THE OLDER GUY THAT SWEEPS UP, THE YOUNGERGUY THAT TAKES ME TO X-RAY. ALL THESE NICE LOOKING BROTHERS AND I'M TRAPPED IN THIS DAMN BED LOOKING LIKE SHIT FEELING THE
SAME, WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO CRAWL UP IN A HOSPITAL BED WITH A SICK BITCH. STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED.

LEARNING TO TALK ABOUT THESE SITUATIONS, HAS BEEN QUITE A TASK AS WELL.
MY APPROACH IS SIMPLE. 5 MINUTES, THE FIRST 5 MINUTES OF CONVERSATION IS
WHEN I TRY AND TELL ANYONE I'M INTERESTED IN SEXUALLY, THAT I HAVE AIDS.
THAT WAY THEY HAVE THE CHOICE TO CHOOSE, IF BEING SEXUAL WITH ME IS MORE
OF A RISK THAN THEY'RE PREPARED TO TAKE.
THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE BROTHER THAT IS IN DENIAL HIMSELF, FOR ANY NUMBER
OF REASONS, AND DOES'NT WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIV/AIDS OR ANY
OTHER ISSUES HE HAS. ONE HAS TO BECOME CREATIVE WHEN DEALING WITH BROTHERS THAT REFUSE TO HEAR THE TRUTH.

SCENE 3
MOVES TO THE BEDROOM IN THE CENTER OF THE BED/BRING THE LIGHTS DOWN SOME

WHAT IF

AND IF WHILE,
YOU THRUST YOUR PENIS INTO DEEPEST LIMITS MY ASS WILL OFFER
WOULD IT HELP,
IF WITH EACH STROKE,
AS YOU ENTERED ME,
I WHISPERED INTO YOUR EAR

I HAVE AIDS.FUCK ME LOVER, I HAVE AIDS
DEEPER ,YES! WORK ME BABY,I HAVE AIDS

WOULD YOU LOOSE YOUR ERECTION/go limp?
WOULD IT EVEN MATTER ?
WOULD YOU EVEN CONSIDER STOPPING?
COULD WE STOP AND TALK ABOUT IT THEN?
WHEN WILL YOU?.....
WHAT WILL IT TAKE?..... .....
FOR YOU TO TALK ABOUT IT.....

IMPROV
STANDS TO DELIVER/LIGHTS COME UP JUST A LITTLE/STILL IN THE BEDROOM

SOMETIMES YES, SOMETIMES NO, IT DEPENDS ON THE TIME OF THE MONTH, THE
PHASE OF THE MOON, THE #OF DRINKS ONE HAS CONSUMED, THE LENGTH OF TIME
SINCE YOU WERE LAST TOUCHED BY ANOTHER MAN. OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH LATEX
HAVE BECOME PARAMOUNT TO OUR SURVIVAL.ITS 1996 AND THIS ISSUE IS ONE THAT STILL HAUNTS US.BUT WHEN FACED WITH A FAILED ERECTION WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
WHAT ARE THE #S LIKE ? HOW MANY OF US ARE STILL HAVING UNPROTECTD SEX.

GIVING UP (ITS SO HARD TO DO)

I UNDERSTAND THE LOOK OF LOSS /DESPAIR
THAT I SEE IN MY BROTHERS EYES
IT WAS NOT UNTIL I FELT THAT LOSS THAT DESPAIR
IN MY HEART THAT I UNDERSTOOD

GIVEN UP TOTATLY OF EVER FORMING A TRUE BOND

JERKING /SUCKING /FUCKING /TALKING ONE ANOTHER THROUGH
UNINVOLVED ORGASM

PROMISES /LIES ALL TO INFLATE EGOS

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF LIFES TRULY MEMOMORABLE MOMENTS.....
HAS BECOME ONE OF IT'S MOST D E A D L Y

ACT 4
SCENE 1
IMPROV
IN THE LIVINGROOM/GOING THROUGH OLD PHOTOS AND PROGRAMS FROM FUNERALS AND MEMORIAL SERVICES

THEY NEVER SAW 30. YOUNG BROTHERS, FULL OF LIFE AND AMBITION AND IN THE
PRIME OF THEIR SEXUAL EXPERIENCES. THEY WERE CUT DOWN, ATTACKED VISCIOUSLY, WITH NO REMORSE, NO SYMPATHY. THEIR DEATHS SCARED ME MUCH WORSE THAN THE THOUGHT OF MY OWN IMPENDING DOOM.DEATH HUNG OVER ME LIKE THE FUNK FROM A SLAUGHTER HOUSE. CREEPING INTO EVERY CRACK AND CREVICE LEFT UNPROTECTED.
MY HEART WAS UNDER LOCK AND KEY, THERE WAS NO NEED FOR WORRY THERE, BUT MY MIND TORMENTED ME RELENTLESSLY. WILL THE DEAD VISIT ME WHEN I'M LONELY,
WILL I DRIFT AWAY PAINLESSLY, CAN I COME BACK AND VISIT WHEN I'M GONE,
WILL MY PARENTS CONSENT TO CREMATION, I WANT FEEL THE FIRE IF THEY DO!
WILL I!?
WHAT /WHEN/WHY /HOW/WHERE/WHO WILL BE THERE.....
SOMETHING
HAD TO BE CHANGED TO GIVE MY MIND RELEASE FROM THE GRIPS OF FEAR. I WENT
INTO THE HOUSE OF MY ANCESTORS AND PRAYED FOR GUIDANCE. THERE IN THE TEMPLE OF MY BELOVED, I FOUND MY ANSWERS.
I LOOK AT DEATH THROUGH NEW EYES. DEATH BECOME AN ENTITY WITH
CHARACTERISTICS THAT APPEALED TO ME. DYING BECAME A CEREMONY, I CALLED IT"
THE SEDUCTION".
DEATH BECOME A SPIRIT, WHO WOULD COME TO PERFORM THIS CEREMONY, "THE LAST SEDUCTION". INHABITING HUMAN LIKE FORM, APPEARING AS AN EXTREMELY DESIRABLE MAN. THE ORGASM, BECAME "THE JOURNEY". FINALLY I WOULD BE ABLE TO BE
RELEASED FROM THE FLESH, FREE TO ROAM THE SPIRIT WORLD AND FIND MY PEACE THERE.
HE COMES HITHER/DEATH ROMANTICIZED

HE COMES HITHER
DRAPED IN A ROBE OF CRIMSON
ON WINGS THAT MAKE NO SOUND
IN THE SHADOW OF MIST
HE COMES HITHER
EMBRACING ME/PREPARING ME FOR HIS TOUCH
LONG SINEWY MUSCLED FINGERS CARESS ME
STRONG BLACK HANDS CRADLE ME
HIS GRIP IS GENTLE TO MY FLESH
BUT HOLDS TO MY SOUL LIKE JOY TO A CHILD
HE COMES HITHER
HE IS AS DARK AS A MOONLESS SKY
HE IS TALL,AND OH! HOW HE TOWERS OVER ME
HIS LIPS ARE AS SOFT AS COTTON
AND SWEET TO TASTE
HIS EYES, I NEVER SEE

HE COMES HITHER
DEATH QUIVERS WITH EXCITEMENT
AS MY HANDS EXPLORE UNDER THE FOLDS OF HIS ROBE
HE COMES HITHER
DEATHS TOUCH SEPARATES FLESH FROM SPIRIT
HE COMES HITHER
A NEW SOUL ACQUIRED
MASTER OF SEDUCTION
AN OLD HUNGER QUELLED
FORSAKER OF NONE
HE COMES HITHER

SCENE 2
EDITORIAL

Q5 = RECORDED EDITORIAL

FRONT AND CENTER

FOR BLACK MEN WHO LOVE BLACK MEN
INTIMACY AND ITS MAINTENANCE SEEM TO BE A VERY DIFFICULT TASK.
NOT ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE ,BUT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.
IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKES YOU SAY "IN A PERFECT WORLD"
BUT WERE NOT IN A PERFECT WORLD.WE INHABIT THE MOST RACIST AND
HOMOPHOBIC COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

A SUBCULTURE OF A CULTURE, A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY,BOTTOM OF THE TOTEM POLE AND SOME HOW STILL SURVIVING.

THIS DOES NOT MAKE EXCUSES FOR THE WAY WE TREAT ONE ANOTHER. IT IS INTENDED
AS A REALISTIC REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE BETTER AT COMFORTING ONE ANOTHER.
ONE COULD ALSO SAY THIS IS A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.
STRENGTH ENOUGH TO DO THE RIGHT THING, STRENGTH OF CONVICTIONS, STRENGTH TO MAKE A DECISION TO MAKE A CHANGE.THROUGH ALL OBSTACLES TO STICK TO IT,AND MAINTAIN OUR IDENTITY, OUR INTEGRITY AND PRIDE IN WHO AND WHAT WE ARE.
BLACK GAY MEN LIVING WITH AIDS.
THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED REMAIN INDEPENDENT OF THOSE EMBRACED BY THIS STATION.

SCENE 3
NOTES ON SILENCE

I MUST START BY SAYING ,"I'M ALIVE"!
IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A LARGE BLESSING THAT WE GIVE SO LITTLE THOUGHT.

WE LIVE IN DESPERATE TIMES.WE LIVE IN DESPERATE TIMES. WE'VE BECOME CUT OFF FROM EACH OTHER,FROM THE LOVE WE NEED TO SHARE WITH EACH OTHER TO SURVIVE.
THE ENEMY IS SILENCE.
IT IS DEADLY.
SILENCE PUSHES US FURTHER INTO DARKNESS,AND AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER.AWAY FROM FAMILY ,FRIENDS,LOVERS, ACQUAINTANCESES,AND EVENTUALLY LIFE.
SILENCE IS KILLING MORE OF US THAN HIV/AIDS OR VIOLENCE.

WE WERE TO DIVIDE ON TOO MANY ISSUES.YET WE ALWAYS HAD SEX AS A MEANS OF CUTTING THROUGH THE MENIAL THINGS.
WE CATCH OUR BREATH,MAKE COMPROMISE AND JUST WHEN A LARGE GROUP OF US ARE DEALING,SILENCE SURFACES AGAIN.

1/4 OF US HAVE DISREGARDED
THE NOTION THAT UNPROTECTED SEX IS DANGEROUS,OTHERS USE THE EXCUSE THAT WE ARE ALL INFECTED,OR WE STOP HAVING INTERCOURSE ALTOGETHER
THAT LEAVES THE REST OF US TRYING TO BE SUPPORT FOR US ALL.

THE TOTAL UPHEAVAL OF OUR SEX LIVES TAKES US ON DIFFERENT TRIPS.
WE CAN COMBAT A LOT OF ISSUES BY SIMPLY COMMUNICATING. JUST PLAIN OLD CONVERSATIONS,ABOUT THE OUR FEELINGS OF LOSS,OF HELPLESSNESS. BUT SO MANY OF US ARE STILL WRESTLING WISH OLD DEMONS. WE HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO DEAL OF OURSELVES AS BLACK GAY MEN.WE HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO THINK OF OURSELVES AS PRODUCTIVE BLACK GAY MEN WHO ARE NOT EXCLUDED FROM HEAVEN.WE ARE STILL FIGHTING RELIGIOUS BATTLES BASED ON RHETORIC AND NOT FACT.WE HAVE NOT YET LEARNED THAT TO TRULY LOVE MAN WE NEED TO EXPLORE ALL SIDES OF OUR SEXUAL IDENTITY.
WE ARE STILL TRYING TO BE AS WHITE AS POSSIBLE AND REMAIN BLACK.WE ARE STILL TRYING TO BE AS MUCH OF WHAT WE ARE TOLD A MAN IS AND A WOMAN IS NOT.

WE STAND DIVIDED ON TO MANY FRONTS. SILENCE STEPS IN WITH A DECISIVE BLOW AND HAS ALL BUT HALTED CONVERSATIONS THAT COULD REPAIR SOME OF THE DAMAGE THAT'S BEEN DONE. YES BABY,SILENCE .
IT'S STOPPING US FROM ASKING QUESTIONS THAT WOULD LEAD TO VALUABLE CONVERSATIONS. SILENCE IS KEEPING US ALONE IN APARTMENTS WITH NO
HEAT, NO SOCIAL WORKERS, NO KNOWLEDGE, NO WAY OUT. SILENCE IS PUSHING US INTO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. IMPRISONED BY OUR UNCONSCIOUS
MINDS. SILENCE PUSHES US INTO CORNERS OF OVERCROWDED AIDS AND MENTAL WARDS, IN COUNTY AND STATE FACILATES. SILENCE, IF WE ARE NOT CAREFUL, COULD BE THE MATCH THAT IGNITES THE FIRES OF OUR DEMISE.
SCENE 4
CONCLUSION

THE FIGHT MUST GO ON!
THERE IS STILL TOO MUCH BEAUTY IN LIFE TO EXPLORE,
TO JUST STOP HERE.
SO,SO MANY STORIES TO TELL,
SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE
AND DONT ASK WHY!
IT JUST HAS TO BE DONE.
THERE IS MUSIC TO HEAR,FILMS TO VIEW,PLAYS TO SEE,POEMS TO BE READ
LOVE TO BE MADE.
ITS ALL PART OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS
THIS CREATIVITY THAT SHAKES ME TILL MY SOUL CRIES OUT
WITH THE TEARS THAT ARE MY SALVATION

IT ALL SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE,
SEEMS LIKE SUCH AN AGONIZING TASK
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I HAVE ?
DO I GIVE IN TO SORROW, GIVE IN TO PITY,
DWELL ON WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE, SHOULD HAVE DONE!?
NO. NO I DONT THINK SO.

Q6

AFRICAN DRUMS

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN,LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DESCENDANT OF GREAT AFRICAN WARRIORS.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DESCENDANT OF GENERATIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE ONCE SLAVES.
(PROPERTY)

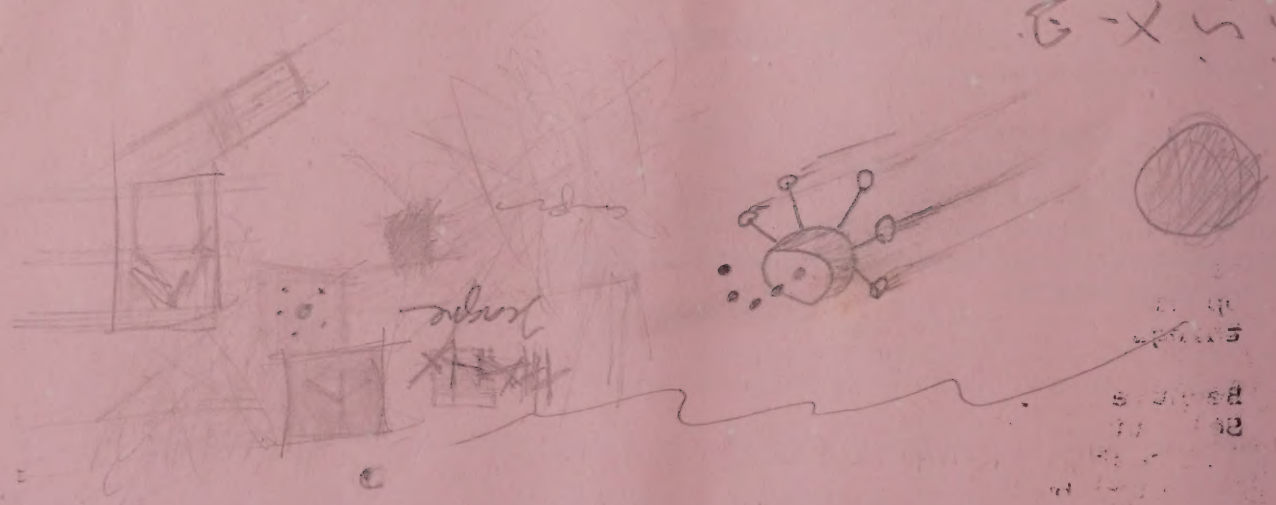
I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

OME MY BROTHER,
AND GIVE ME THAT YOU HOLD MOST DEAR
SIT DOWN WITH ME, MY BROTHER
LET US PROBE THOSE UNKNOWN PARTS OF OUR MINDS
RELAX WITH ME, MY BROTHER
LET US NOT PERPETRATE
TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE
LOVE ME, MY BROTHER
OUR FUTURES DEPEND UPON THAT ALONE

OH,OH FREEDOM
OH,OH FREEDOM
OH,OH FREEDOM
O"ER ME
AND BEFORE I'LL GIVE IN TO AIDS
I'LL BE BURIED IN MY GRAVE
AND GO HOME TO MY LORD AND BE FREE*

CHRISTOPHER
7264279

[redacted]



September 12, 1996 Thursday

Dear Tony,

I wanted to write and share some notes with you regarding your show, MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP, as you requested. I preface these words by saying accept them only as my suggestions and responses to you work, but take liberty to disregard that which does not serve you.

Let me once more thank you for providing me a comp ticket to see the show; I certainly am glad I didn't miss it. Without your kind gesture, I would not have been able to come.

I'd like to start by saying it is noble that you are wanting to share your experiences through this piece; your story is important, interesting and has the potential to educate, uplift and challenge many future audiences.

I want to start by encouraging you to reconsider your title. It brings to mind the very very very very popular poem, "STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWING EVENING" by Robert Frost. The poem is so popular, it has become cliche. Since you never dwelled on your title in the piece, I want you to rethink using it, and chose a more gripping, thought-provoking name for your show using your own words. Search the script for the central idea and sum it up in a word or line, and let that word or line be your title.

I thought your setting was appropriate. You had a good number of props and used them in the performance. Be mindful not to put anything on the stage that you are not using during the performance. You had many long pauses; that is not always effective. It makes the audience think you have forgotten your lines, or alerts us that your sound and/or light cues are off. You not must let the audience know you are in distress. I would encourage you to make sure all your technical requirements for the show are met, and that cues are followed precisely. It makes your show flow better and appear more professional, polished.

I think your choice of pieces was good. I was a bit baffled by the 'before 30' piece because of the long silence, and because you did not talk about the obituaries you were reading and dropping on the floor.

I thought a number of the pieces had a lot of promise. The phone call to your mother, the moment of violent love making, the opening, etc. I could speak more in detail about this and other things if I had the script in front of me.

Be sure to condense as much as possible; avoid being long-winded. Seek other kinds of stage business, so that you will always be interesting to watch. "Theatre is a show business;" it is vital that you stay busy on stage, unless the dramatic moment calls for it.

[redacted]

The end was not as logical, and I think that's because you say you cut it. Be sure if you edit it, you don't leave us hanging. You must finish the story.

You might consider having another actor do the show, just so you can take a look at it more objectively before doing it yourself. Somethings it really helps to hear it and see it before you, yourself, actually perform it. This can be done informally, just with you and your director and another actor.

It would be interesting to find ways of allowing the audience an opportunity to participate in your performance. You need us to come into your world. How will you make us step into your shoes, and feel what life is like as a black gay man living with AIDS? Perhaps we can discuss this further as well.

Always go beyond our expectation. Don't show us what we already know, strive to tell us what we won't know about your experience. What is the good part about your life now? What do you know you didn't know before? What brings you joy about the life you are living? What is it that keeps you fighting to live? That is what will reach your audiences. After you have told us of the despair, the fear, the pain, the promiscuity, tell us what gives you the power. What separates us from you or what makes you like us? You are the one that has the story that can enlighten us.

One thing that most impressed me about Assoto Saint and Tre was that they found a kind of freedom after AIDS. The found a courage, an anger, a greater love for themselves and for others. They found a kind of peace others didn't know about. Their tongues were untied. Think on these things as you revise your work.

Your story is too important to lean on stereotypes or just the darkness. The beauty is the light you have. Write about that. Let it shine. That will save us and yourself. I believe you are driven to do this piece because you want to be heard, you want us to see, you want to end the silence, you want to open the closet for those who have shame and guilt and pity and hopelessness.

As a cancer survivor, I know..... Folks like you and I know things that most folks don't. We are so blessed. We know how to see the color purple. We know how to love with all our heart. We know how to cuss somebody out when we have to, because we don't have time to waste. Let your show be about your discoveries, your new understanding of patience, your confrontation of death, your resurrection. There is always a resurrection.

Finally, I want you to know how much I respect you and am inspired by you. You are a wonderful expression of God. Give thanks for every moment that has brought you to who you are now.....every love and loss.....every piece of fried chicken and plate of collard greens.....every rejection and every acceptance. Embrace them all

and then tell us the story of your life. We need it desperately.

I thank you for letting me share these thoughts with you. I support you in this project, and would be very glad to sit with you and go over the script or do anything that would be more helpful to you.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Trust yourself and go forth.

With adoration and solidarity,

Shirlene

Shirlene Holmes, Ph. D.
(404) 893-9931

MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP
outline for rewrite 12/96

1983(youth and innonce)
84(Diagnosis)
85(Denial)
86(in Love&Trouble)
87( )
88( )
89(return to eden)
90( )
91( )
92( )
93( )
94(wake up) the familiar suspicions are verified
95(testify)
96( )
97
98
99

1983 - Graduation REWRITE 2.
HOTLANTA

1984 PARTY CENTRAL - DISCOVERY OF BLACK GAY MEN
Presumed Infection

1985 DIAGNOSIS CONFIRMED
my world crashes - DENIAL moves in

* first change in appearance
weight loss was a great thing for me in having be a MAYBE GIRL until then
switch these

MOVE BACK DOWN SOUTH (Failure)
FALLING IN LOVE (MADLY)
FALSE SENSE OF SAFETY - Testing negative
So you CAME HOME TO DIE — DRAG Queen in CLUB

1986 I came to see what a person with AIDS looks like
Rage - the reluctant marriage of a young Black gay man and AIDS DENIAL / Guilt

1987 -

1988 -

1989 -

1990 -

1991 -

1992 -

1993 -

1994 (Afro Beats 11/94) Hospitalized with Pneumocystis

1995 - Fucked For Life

1996 -

1997 -

1998 -

1999 -

2000 -

THE ONE MAN SHOW

"MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY SONYA HEMPHILL
CO PRODUCED BY THE ADODI MUSE

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY
TONY DANIELS

LIGHT AND SOUND CHRIS PARR
MUSICAL CONSULTANT MICHAEL TONE COVINGTON
SET DESIGN JAMES MCKISSICK
STAGE PROPERTIES RON FLANAGHAN

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Jerry -

Clarence LeRoy Solomon Jr
Bernard Davis
R. LEIGH Johnson Jr. Tré
Charles Coleman - Albany, Ga
Corie Acree
Charles Coleman - Thomasville, Ga
James Norwood
Roderick Richardson
Artist Barnes
Leon James
Alonzo Thompson
Nicholas Solomon
Gary Griffin
Freddy Davis
David Johnson
Greg Hill
Anderson Griffin
Steve Franklin
Vanity Simone
Cindy Johnson
Lisa Alexander
Lalloyd Butcher
Reggie Martin
Andrew Holloway
John Bailey
Chatty Cathy
The White Woman from Dainville
Charles Gifford
John Paul Cherry
Steven Cooper
Anthony Walker

Alexis Alexander
Ron Hanamaphun
Marion A.K.A Buddy
Lynberg Scott
Reggie from Unity - a fashion designer

OK

THE ONE MAN SHOW
"MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP"

LOUD MUSIC

ACT 1
scene 1 1980-1984
THE WAY IT WAS
(BEDROOM /PREPARING TO GO TO THE BAR DRESSED IN CLUB WEAR /CHANGING OUTFITS LOOKING FOR THE ILLUSION FOR THE NIGHT) SLYVESTER
MUSIC-~~"IT'S JUST AN ILLUSION"~~ (HOUSE MUSIC) DO YOU WANNA FUNK

(IMPROV)
I SMOKED TILL I WAS HIGH. MUSIC COMES DOWN - STILL PLAYS IN BACKGROUND
I DRANK TILL I WAS DRUNK. SOFT
I SLEPT AROUND,AND AROUND,AND AROUND,AND AROUND.....
AND I DANCED! BABY, I DANCED. THE MUSIC WAS FIERCE AND I DANCED UNTIL MY CLOTHES WERE SOAKED WITH SWEAT. I DANCED TILL I COULDN'T DANCE NO MORE. THE MUSIC WAS ALIVE. NEW AND EXCITING, NOTHING LIKE WHAT I WAS USED TO HEARING IN THE SMALL BARS DOWN SOUTH. ~~IT WAS DIFFERENT~~! ~~FIERCE!~~
EVERYTHING WAS PLENTIFUL, AND FOR A YOUNG MAN FRESH OFF THE FARM, LIKE MYSELF, I OVER INDULGED. I HAD TOO MUCH OF EVERYTHING;
DRUGS, SEX, ALCOHOL, SEX, SEX...IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER.
I WAS 18YRS YOUNG. [redacted], I WAS CUTE AND STILL A LITTLE INNOCENCENT...OK,OK,MAYBE NAIVE IS MORE APPROPRIATE.
I WAS LIVING, OH BABY, I WAS LIVING, JUST LIVING! MUSIC STOPS

1985

(LIGHTS COME DOWN,MUSIC SOFTENS(CHANGES),MOVE TO FRONT SIDE OF BED WHILE CHANGING FROM PARTY CLOTHES TO HOSPITAL GOWN)

SOMEWHERE ALL THAT LIVING CAUGHT UP WITH ME, AND I WAS JUST A LITTLE TOO HIGH TOO OFTEN, A LITTLE TOO DRUNK,I WAS TWIRLING,TWIRLING AND SPINNING AND SUDDENLY I, I..... (FALLS to the FLOOR)

(IMPROV)
I BLACKED OUT,
SOMEWHERE,AT SOME TIME,SOMETHING EVIL HAD INVADED MY INNOCENCE, LIGHTS BACK UP
I WAS ISOLATED,CONFINED,MADE TO FEEL LIKE A LEEPER,MY BODY WAS INVADED, CATHER EAR AND MOUTH
EVERY ORIFICE EXPLORED/BY THE PROBING INSTRUMENTS/OF CUP-form in hand
STRANGE AND TORTUROUS DEVICES,EVERY FLUID;BLOOD,SALIVA,MUCOUS,URINE EXTRACTIONS
PHLEGM,WHATEVER I PRODUCE THEY EXAMINED, MY BRIGHT EYED WONDER,HAD BECOME,DANGEROUS, LIFE THREATNING.I WAS A GUINEA PIG,EXPLOITED AND EXPLORED.MY YOUTH LIKE MY IGNORANCE, HAD BECOME THE AMMUNITION FOR MY DEMISE. ~~AIDS,~~ THEY SAY I AM A TRANSMITTER OF THE VIRUS--LIARS A CARRIER OF THE HIV VIRUS--NAW! ONLY WHITE BOYS GET THAT SHIT.

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Act 1
scene 3
FUCKED FOR LIFE

Back to bedroom
Lying on the floor or sitting
a dream state needs to be
conveyed Very Low lighting

I SAT ALONE IN DARKNESS
SILENTLY CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE
PONDERING THE EVENTS OF THE DAY

THINKING OF HOW TO END IT

IN A SILENT WAY

WITH AS LITTLE DISCOMFORT AS POSSIBLE
AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE

restructered
+
tightened

SLEEP WAS MY REFUGE PAUSE

I WAS FUCKED- FOR LIFE Lean forward into light
20YRS YOUNG
FUCKED- FOR LIFE

THE MASK I WEAR FOR PROTECTION RISE INTO Light
FELL FREE TO THE GROUND
SMASHED AND SHATTERED
BY THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN BODY

RESTLESSNESS move or pace
SWEPT OVER ME
LIKE THE tongue OF AN ATTENTIVE LOVER
MY FLESH CRAWLS
MEMORIES OF HAPPIER TIMES
CLOUD THE CLEAR VIEW OF MY MINDS EYE STOP

I WANTED TO SLEEP SIT AGAIN
TO EAT (Begins to paint face in blood)
TO LIE IN WAIT
AT THE FEET OF THE UNKNOWN SEDUCER

DEATH'S PRESENCE WAS INTOXICATING
~~MAKING ME DRUNK WITH CURIOSITY~~

HERE I WAS 20YRS YOUNG
FUCKED- FOR LIFE

IT WAS MY FATE
MINE
BLOOD TAINTED, RUINED Leans forward
DELIVERED ANONUMOUSLY into light

I WAS FUCKED- FOR LIFE

WHEN TONY STANDS → MUSIC-SLY VESTER DO YOU WANNA FUNK-

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11/04/96 Act One
FIRST Scene 4

The cycle started to repeat itself.
More Boys, More Sex, more drugs, more alcohol, more .... more .... more
I was moving so fast so recklessly, with no direction, ~~no purpose~~ drifting further into denial.
"I DID WHATEVER POSSIBLE TO GET AWAY FROM DEALING WITH BEING HIV POSITIVE"
I would get so high on crack that I couldn't sleep, everytime I tried, the bed would spin out of control.
I became a master of seduction, luring men into indulging my sexual fantasies
I had sex with lots of men, sometimes we used condoms most times we did not.

ACT I
scene4

MUSIC

(LIGHTS COME UP GRADUALLY) music DO YOU WANNA FUNK

(IMPROV)
DENIAL Begins to wipe BLOOD from face

THE CYCLE STARTED TO REPEAT ITSELF. MORE BOYS, MORE SEX, MORE DRUGS,
MORE ALCOHL, MORE...MORE....MORE.
I WAS MOVING SO FAST, SO RECKLESSLY, WITH NO DIRECTION, NO PURPOSE ~~DRIFTING FURTHER INTO DENIAL~~.
I WOULD GET SO HIGH ON CRACK THAT I COULD'NT SLEEP, EVERYTIME I TRIED, THE BED WOULD SPIN OUT OF CONTROL.
I BECAME A MASTER OF SEDUCTION, LURING MEN INTO INDULGING MY SEXUAL FANTASIES. I HAD SEX WITH LOTS OF MEN, SOMETIMES WE USED CONDOMS MOST TIMES WE DID NOT.
"I DID WHATEVER WAS POSSIBLE TO GET AWAY FROM DEALING WITH BEING HIV +"
" "
" "

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Before moving into the
play, maybe some dialogue
need to take place to
explain your desperation,
the depths of your frustration.

ACT I scene 5

OH PLEASE

PLEASE SLIDE IT IN DEEP
DONT PUT A RUBBER ON IT
DONT LUBE IT UP
FORCE IT IN DRY
UP INTO THE PITS OF ALL THAT IS ME
AS I SCREAM, SLAP ME
PAIN MEETS MY MIND WITH UNDERSTANDING
FUCK-ME-HARD
PULL-MY-HAIR
SHOUT OBSCENTIES IN MY EAR
STICK IT IN SIDEWAYS
SLAM INTO MY WALLS WITH ABANDON
MAKE-ME-BLEED
LEAVE ME HERE-TO DIE-SLOWLY
ALONE
WITH-MY-OWN-SORROW
AS COMFORT

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ACT2

(FRONT AND CENTER/CONSERRVATIVELY DRESSED/AT A PODIUM/CURTAINS CLOSED FULLY LIGHTED OR A CENTER SPOT)

scene1

PSA # 1

COMMERCIAL

I THINK THAT IT IS THE OPINION OR THE DESIRE OF THE MAJORITY THAT IF YOU HAVE HIV OR YOU ARE LIVING WITH AIDS;
YOU SHOULD NO LONGER BE SEXUAL. I SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS AS LONG AS IT IS A DECISION REACHED BY THE INDIVIDUAL WITH THE VIRUS/ DISEASE, AN NOT THE FEARS OF THOSE INDIVIDUALS NOT INFECTED, BEING FORCED UPON THEM. MAKING THE VICTIM RESPONSIBLE, [redacted]
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PROTECTION IS AN INDIVIDUAL ONE.
HOWEVER, IN ORDER FOR US TO STOP THE SPREAD OF HIV/ AIDS WE MUST PULL TOGETHER IN A COLLECTIVE EFFORT. AN EFFORT OF PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE BANDING TOGETHER,AND DEMANDING SOME EXPLAINATIONS FROM OUR GOVERNMENT, FOR THE CONTINUAL AND SENLESS DEATHS OF OUR LOVED ONES.
THIS HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE AANOUNCEMENT.

EXIT/PAUSE 15SEC /IN BEDROOM /SITTING OR STANDING

Preview
doesn't really need to be here in this context - ~~ACT~~ Commercial

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ACT II

(EXIT/PAUSE 15SEC/IN BEDROOM/SITTING OR STANDING)
scene 2

DONT ASK DONT TELL

WELL YOU SEE, YOUR ACTIONS AND MY OBSERVATIONS TELL ME
DEATH- IS- WHAT- YOU- SEEK
I'VE COME TO BRING YOUR SEARCH TO AN END
BY GIVING YOU WHAT- YOU- SEEK

INSTEAD OF CONSTANT CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL
WE CAN START WITH A KISS-ON THE-LIPS

THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR PILING-ROCKS-OF-COCAINE
ON TOP OF BEDS-OF-CIGARETTE ASHES
SEARCHING FOR THE HIGH THAT-CANT-BE FOUND
WE CAN JUST SUCK-EACH-OTHER-DRY

FORGET ABOUT PULLING STUNTS IN BANKS AND DEPARTMENT STORES,
OR WORKING STOLEN CREDIT CARDS
WE-CAN-FUCK-ALL-NIGHT-LONG
NEVER BREAKING STRIDE
EYES-CLOSED-TIGHTLY
TEETH-CLAMPED-DOWN-HARD-IN-FLESH
WHILE SCREAMS OF HEDONISTIC DELIGHT PIERCE THE NIGHT YES!
VIBRATING FROM DEEP WITHIN OUR PSYCHES

I-BROUGHT-YOU HERE-IN SEARCH-OF-THESE-PLEASURES
FIRMLY KNOWING-DEATH-IS--WHAT--YOU SEEK
FIRMLY BELIEVING THAT-YOU-WANT-ASK- AND- I- WANT- TELL

Conversation with mother person

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TAPE #2 MUSIC - LOUD

ACT II
scene 3

PHONE RING - LOOK FOR CUE

(ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM/ SITS IN CHAIR) MUSIC - I BE YOUR WATER

SOLOMON IS SITTING IN HIS APARTMENT IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR ,,WITH HIS FEET ON THE SEAT, KNEES AGAINST CHEST, ARMS WRAPPED AROUND HIS LEGS JUST BELOW THE KNEE.HIS CHIN IS NESTLED BETWEEN HIS KNEES AND TEARS ARE SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN HIS LEGS.HE HAS BEEN IN THIS POSITION FOR THE LAST 15MIN.OR SO. HIS LAST DOCTORS APPOINTMENT(2 DAYS AGO) DID NOT GO WELL. THE X-RAY SHOWED SPOTS ON HIS LUNGS AND QUITE A BIT OF CONGESTION AND TRASH AS WELL. "THE ALIEN " ,HE SAYS,"HAS COME HOME TO ROOST AND RAISE HELL.HE RISES NOT BOTHERING TO WIPE AWAY TEARS AND GOES TO THE BEDROOM .HE PULLS A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FROM A DRAWER ,AND A NICE FAT JOINT FROM A WOODEN BOX,AND PLACES IT BEHIND HIS EAR. HE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN WHERE HE POURS HIMSELF A LARGE GLASS OF WATER, GRABS A BROWNIE AND SOME PAPER TOWELS AND HEADS BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM. HE SITS THE ITEMS DOWN IN AN ORDER THAT ONLY MAKES SENSE TO HIM,ON THE COFFEE TABLE NEXT TO THE CHAIR.HE WIPES HIS EYES AND BEGINS HIS LITTLE RITUAL.HE TAKES THE HANDKERCHIEF AND WIPES HIS EYES,THEN BLOWS HIS NOSE,FOLDS THE HANKIE IN HALF AND PLACES IT BACK ON THE COFFEE TABLE.HE TAKES A LONG DRINK FROM THE GLASS OF WATER AND PLACES IT BACK ON THE COASTER ON THE TABLE. HE THEN REMOVES A LIGHTER FROM THE INSIDE OF A LARGE BOX IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE,CLOSES THE LID, REMOVES THE JOINT FROM BEHIND HIS EAR AND LIGHTS IT. HE TAKES SEVERAL LONG DRAGS FROM THE JOINT . THE LAST DRAG HE TAKES IS EXCEPTIONALLY LONG.HE CLOSE HIS EYES AND TRIES TO VISUALIZE THE SMOKE AS SPIRITS OF HIS ANCESTORS ENTERING HIS BODY TO DO BATTLE WITH THE ALIEN INVADERS.AS HE RELEASES THE SMOKE FROM HIS LUNGS VERY SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY,HE SEES THE SMOKE AS THE EXPOSED AND DEFEATED ALIENS. HE WATCHES INTENTLY FOR A MOMENT, CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN LETTING HIS HEAD FALL BACK IN THE CHAIR, PULLING HIS FEET UP,WRAPPING HIS ARMS AROUND THEM,LETTING HIS CHIN REST IN THE CRADDLE OF HIS KNEES,WHILE RELEASING GENTLE SOBS. PLACING HIS FEET ON THE FLOOR, HE WIPES AWAY TEARS FROM HIS EYES WITH THE BACK OF HIS LEFT HAND WHILE REACHING FOR THE HANKIE WITH HIS RIGHT. AFTER CALMING HIMSELF HE REACHES FOR THE BROWNIE EATS HALF AN PLACES IT BACK ON THE TABLE . HE TAKES THE CORDLESS PHONE FROM THE TABLE, PRESSES SPEEDIAL 1 FOR HIS PARENTS HOME AND WAITS.

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Sounds of Blackness a place in my Heart

EMMANUEL	HELLO?....
SOLOMON	HEY BOY,WHATS UP LITTLE MAN!?
EMMANUEL	ALRIGHT.UNCLE JAKE,NAW THIS UNCLE DAVID....
SOLOMON	EMMANUEL,YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR UNCLES APART YET?!
EMMANUEL	UN HUN, BUT I GOTTA SEE YOU, CAUSE, CAUSE YALL SOUND LIKE
SOLOMON	OK,OK BOY WHERE'S GRANNY?
EMMANUEL	BIG MOMMA TELEPHONE(VERY LOUDLY) WHEN YOU COMMING TO SEE US UNCLE ~~SPEAK?~~ SOLOMON.
SOLOMON	PROBABLY IN A FEW DAYS, AND I GOING TO BRING YOU A SURPRISE.
EMMANUEL	OK,AND CAN WE GO SEE BATMAN?,AND WE CAN GO TO MCDONALDS,AND YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE MALL TO MY MOMMAS WORK,....
MOTHER	LORD YOU CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS ASKING FOR SOMETHING.YOU AIN'T NEVER SATISFIED. HAND ME THAT PHONE BOY.
EMMANUEL	(STARTS TO THROW A TANTRUM)I WANNA TALK,I WANNA TALK..... LITTLE MAN
	SOLOMON IS LAUGHING AT THE FAMILIARITY OF THIS SITUAION,LIKE A SCENE FROM HIS OWN CHILDHOOD. music starts
MOTHER	BOY! IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR NARROW TAIL.....AUNTIE! COME AND GET THIS BOY, I'M TRYING TO TALK ON THIS PHONE.
SOLOMON	HE'S QUITE A HANDFUL THESE DAYS,ISNT HE?
MOTHER	HONEY YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT,THAT BOY,IF HE AIN'T BANGING THE DRUMS,HE'S TERRORIZING THESE OTHER CHILDREN, HONEY HE'S MORE THAN A HANFUL, HE'S A MESS!

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SOLOMON	DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, ~~HE HAS SOME PRETTY ROUGH UNCLES AND AUNTIES.~~
MOTHER	BABY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE COMING HOME THIS WEEKEND, AND YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL ME AFTER YOUR DOCTORS APPOINTMENT ON FRIDAY, LORDHAVEMERCY, YOU YOU CHILDREN GONNA WORRY ME [redacted] TILL I'M IN MY GRAVE.
SOLOMON	I'M SORRY, I KNOW BUT, AFTER THAT DOCTORS APPOINTMENT, I WAS NOT IN THE MOOD TO TALK TO ANYONE. I JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE.
MOTHER	WELL.....BABY, HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING YOUR MEDICINE, YOU'VE BEEN DOIN WHAT THE DOCTTOR TOLD YOU , HAVEN'T YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHILE YOU JUST WON'T MOVE BACK HOME, SO I CAN SEE ABOUT. YOU.
SOLOMON	BECAUSE I'M SCARED MOMMA.....
MOTHER	(SILENCE.....)
SOLOMON	I LOVE YOU MOMMA..... (AND HE STARTS TO CRY) BUT I CAN'T COME HOME NOT, WHILE I CAN STILL CARE FOR MYSELF..... I MEAN (SHE INTERUPTS)
MOTHER	YOU KNOW, A HARD HEAD WILL MAKE A SOFT BEHIND. BOY, YOU TOO DAMN HARD HEADED FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU CAN'T GET BETTER IF YOU'RE NOT TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF.
SOLOMON	SO, JUST WHAT IS IT YOU THINK I'M DOING.
MOTHER	YOU AIN'T TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF, OR YOU WOULDN'T BE SICK.
SOLOMON	I HAVE AIDS, I'M GOING TO BE SICK SOMETIMES. YOU THINK I'M RUNNING THE STREETS AND BEING WILD ! DON'T YOU?!
MOTHER	THERE YOU GO, YOU DONE GOT YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP OVER NOTHING.
SOLOMON	OH AND YOUR OPINION OF ME IS NOTHING.....

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MOTHER	NEVER HAS BEEN,HAS IT.....
SOLOMON	THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE SAYING THAT IS BECAUSE I LIVE BY MY RULES AND REGULATIONS AND NOT BY YOURS.....
MOTHER	UM HUM,LISTEN AT YOU,ALL THAT ANGER,/YOU BETTER PRAY BOY,/YOU NEED JESUS.(SHUT UP! SHE YELLS AT EMAN.I CANT HERE MYSELF THINK) LET ME GET OFF THIS PHONE AND FEED THESE BAD CHILDREN ,YOU MAKE SURE YOU GO TO CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY AND PRAY BABY,GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED. LORD,LORD THIS BOY DONE POURED SHOEPOLISH ALL OVER MY NEW RUG.(COME HERE EMMANUEL ,AUNTIE'S YELLS IN THE BACKGROUND)LET ME GO BABY,AUNTIE TRING TO GET DRESSED FOR WORK AND I NEED TO SEE BOUT THESE CHILDREN. I'LL CALL YOU LATER AND REMEMBER/GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED.(THE PHONE GOES DEAD,WITH CONSTANT BUZZING IN HIS EAR HE SPEAKS INTO THE RECEIVER.)
SOLOMON	I JUST NEEDED TO TALK TO YOU.....(A TEAR ROLLS DOWN HIS EYE AS HE RESUMES A FETAL POSITION IN HIS CHAIR)

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ACT II

scene 3

THE STAGE GOES BLACK,GRADUALLY.LEAVING SOLOMON A SHADOWY FIGURE ON STAGE.EVENTUALLY HE ENDS UP IN TOTAL DARKNESS.HE EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS ANGRY AND QUESTIONING.

SO WHY AREN'T OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS ASKING MORE QUESTION. WHY AREN'T THEY RAISING MORE HELL! IS NOT THE DEATHS OF THEIR CHILDREN REASON ENOUGH TO QUESTION SOMEONE, SOMETHING, OTHER THAN THEMSELVES. INSTEAD THEY GRIEVE FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS. THEY GRIEVE GREATLY, BLAIMING THEMSELVES, BLAIMING THEIR CHILDREN. THEY GRIEVE WITH THE HOPES OF SORROW BEING ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE PAIN. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
WHEN THE SORROW OF [redacted] LOSS, THE MISDIRECTED BLAME CAN NO LONGER HOLD THE PAIN? WHERE DO [redacted] THEY RUN? [redacted] THEY DARE NOT TAKE IT TO GOD, FOR SURELY IT IS HE THAT BROUGHT ALL THIS TO BARE.
FOR THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS, FOR THE SINS OF OUR MOTHERS,
FOR THE SINS OF WE.

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ACT II
scene 4

(AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AS CLOSE TO THE AUDIENCE AS POSSIBLE)

UNTITLED #6

ENTOMBED IN A DISEEASE RIDDLED TEMPLE
TATTOOED WITH THE MARK OF THE BEAST
BREATH OF FIRE FULLED BY TOXINS
PERSCRIBED ON MERE SUGGESTION

MINDS TORMENTED, PERCECUTED, HAUNTED
BY VISIONS OF UNSPEAKABLE PAIN
CUT OFF FROM FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND LOVERS
BY FEAR OF RECOGNITION/ REJECTION
by Fear of Rejection

TOSSING AND TURNING, SLEEP EVADES ME
THE NIGHT FINDS MY BODIES SOAKED WITH SWEAT
MY LUNGS GURGLE AND WHEEZE , FILLED WITH PHLEGM
MY BOWELS BOIL AND BUBBLE OUT OF CONTROL
PROTESTING INVASION BY FOREIGN PARASITES

I Feel TRAPPED BY A LETHAL GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY
WITH DEATH AS THE MOST LOGICAL MEANS OF ESCAPE
I RISE TO THE CHALLENGE OF WHAT LIVING HAS BECOME
I WILL MEET DEATH WITH A LOUD VOICE/CHALLEENGE SILENCE!

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ACT II
scene2

NO EXXCUSES PLEASE

(YOU'RE REVEALING A SECRET TO THE AUDIENCE/MOVE INTO THE BEDROOM
LIGHTS COME UPON ENTRANCE)

PLEASE DON'T FIND ME MORBID WHEN MY RESPONSE TO NOT BEING SEXUAL IS
"NO ONE WANTS TAINTTED DICK AND ASS"
AND DONT LAUGH WHEN I TELL YOU I LOOSE MY ERECTION,
WHEN A CONDOM IS PRESENTED FOR MY PROTECTION
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M DEATHS MESSENGER IF I GIVE OUT OF BREATH
FROM CLIMBING THE STAIRS

LIVING FOR ME ~~HAS BECOME A CONSTANT BATTLE~~

FORGIVE ME FOR SOMETIMES NOT TELLING A TRICK
"I GOT THE PACKAGE",
IT DOESN'T GO WELL WITH
"TOSS MY SALAD PLEASE
UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN I THROW CONTLESS /ENDLESS MEDICAL BILLS
IN THE TRASH
I'M SIMPLY REFUSING TO PAY THE GOVERNMENT FOR FUCKING ME
INDULGE MY SELECTIVE MEMORY,
SOME THINGS ARE JUST BETTER FORGOTTEN

Conversation with or encounter with another man

another positive man

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ACT III

scene3

(MOVES INTO THE LIVINGROOM /SITS IN THE CHAIR/LIGHTS GO OUT IN BEDROOM
COME UP IN THE LIVINGROOM)

KNOWING MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

BRIAN/ BRIAN PAST LESIONS COVERED SKIN
THROUGH FUNGI COVERED TISSUE
AROUND LAYERS OF DELUSION

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL HERE

NICKI CLARENCE BENEATH WALLS OF PAIN
SUFFERING, AND DISCOMFORT

I KNOW YOU'RE STILLL MY FRIEND

LEON UNDER THE FALL OUT OF KEMO
AND SIDE EFFECTS OF AZT
BACTRIUM/DAPSONE/FLUCONAZOLE

YOU'RE STILL MY MAN

DARRYL MARK BATTLING BOUTS OF THRUSH
SHINGLES/PNEUMONIA
AND DIMENSIA

STILL MY BROTHER

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ACT III
scene 4

DAYS LIKE THESE

(STANDS TO DELIVER/REMAINING IN THE LIVINGROOM)

SEDUCTIVE

AND IT'S DAYS LIKE THESE,
WHEN I REALIZE
WHAT SEXUAL BEINGS
WE REALLY ARE
HOW IT IS SO INTERTWINED
IN THE VERY FIBER OF
WHO AND WHAT WE ARE
I EMBRACE THE WHOLE OF SELF
AND EXCEPT IT ENTIRELY AS IS
IF GOD CAN EXCEPT ALL THAT I AM,
THEN SO MUST I, AND
IT'S DAYS LIKES THESE
THAT MAKE ME WANT TO RETURN
TO OLD FAMILIAR ALLEYS,
BACKROOMS, AND BATHHOUSES, BEDRROOMS
AND ANY PLACE WHERE ONE COULD EXORCISE,
ONES SEXUAL NATURE
WITHOUT CARE OR WORRY
FROM ANYTHING TO STRONG FOR PENICILIN
OR PRAYER TO CURE
DAYS WHEN YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING SICK
TIRED OF BEING ALONE
TIRED OF MASTURBATING
TIRED OF BEING TIRED

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ACT III
IMPROV
scene 5

(REMAINING IN THE LIVINGROOM)

BEING SEXUAL, AND LIVING WITH AIDS, CAN BE A COMPLICATED SITUATION. THE CHALLENGES ARE MANY,THE CONCERNS NUMEROUS.
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT FROM TIME TO TIME MY SEX DRIVE HAS NOT BEEN
VERY HIGH. BUT THERE ARE'NT ANY CONSTANTS WITH THE VIRUS.
I CAN THINK OF FEW THINGS IN LIFE THAT ARE AS FRUSTRATING AS LYING IN A HOSPITAL BED, IV IN MY ARM, OXYGEN TUBES IN MY NOSTRILS, DOPED UP, SPITTING UP PHLEGM, FEVERISH, WITH A RAGING HARD ON. ERECTION
I IMAGINED MYSELF HAVING SEX WITH EVERY HALFWAY ATTRACTIVE MAN I SAW;THE DOCTORS, THE RESPIRATORY THERAPIST, THE PHLEBOTOMIST, THE OLDER GUY THAT SWEEPS UP, THE YOUNGERGUY THAT TAKES ME TO X-RAY. ALL THESE NICE LOOKING BROTHERS AND I'M TRAPPED IN THIS DAMN BED LOOKING LIKE SHIT FEELING THE
SAME. WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO CRAWL UP IN A HOSPITAL BED WITH A SICK BITCH?! STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED.
LEARNING TO TALK ABOUT THESE SITUATIONS, HAS BEEN QUITE A TASK AS WELL.
MY APPROACH IS SIMPLE. 5 MINUTES, THE FIRST 5 MINUTES OF CONVERSATION IS
WHEN I TRY AND TELL ANYONE I'M INTERESTED IN SEXUALLY," I HAVE AIDS."
TELL ME BROTHER, HAVE YOU EVER KNOWINGLY SLEPT WITH A BROTHER WITH THE VIRUS?
DO YOU ASK? IF BEING SEXUAL WITH ME IS MORE OF A RISK THAN ~~THEY'RE~~ YOURE ~~PREPARED~~ TO TAKE. I WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU, JUST DON'T SHUT ME OUT. WILLING
THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE BROTHER THAT IS IN DENIAL HIMSELF.
HE DOES'NT WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIM BEING INFECTED, BEING AN ALCOHOLIC, BEING
ABUSED, BEING AN ADDDICT, BEING WHOLE COMPLETE AND EMBRACED BY THE UNIVERSE.
ONE HAS TO BECOME CREATIVE WHEN DEALING WITH BROTHERS THAT REFUSE TO HEAR THE TRUTH.

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ACT III
scene 6

(MOVES TO THE BEDROOM IN THE CENTER OF THE BED/BRING THE LIGHTS

DOWN SOME)

WHAT IF

AND IF WHILE,
YOU THRUST YOUR PENIS INTO THE DEEPEST LIMITS MY ASS WILL OFFER
WOULD IT HELP,
IF WITH EACH STROKE,
AS YOU ENTERED ME,
I WHISPERED INTO YOUR EAR

I HAVE AIDS.FUCK ME LOVER, I HAVE AIDS
DEEPER ,YES! WORK ME BABY,I HAVE AIDS

WOULD YOU LOOSE YOUR ERECTION/go limp?
WOULD IT EVEN MATTER ?
WOULD YOU EVEN CONSIDER STOPPING?
COULD WE STOP AND TALK ABOUT IT THEN?
WHEN WILL YOU?.....
WHAT WILL IT TAKE?..... .....
FOR YOU TO TALK ABOUT IT.....

encounter

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IMPROV
ACT III
scene 7

(STANDS TO DELIVER/LIGHTS COME UP JUST A LITTLE/STILL IN THE BEDROOM) CAMPY CAMP IT UP!

SOMETIMES YES, SOMETIMES NO, IT DEPENDS ON THE TIME OF THE MONTH, THE
PHASE OF THE MOON, THE #OF DRINKS ONE HAS CONSUMED, THE LENGTH OF TIME
SINCE YOU WERE LAST TOUCHED BY ANOTHER MAN.
OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH LATEX HAVE BECOME PARAMOUNT TO OUR SURVIVAL.
IT'S 1996 AND THIS ISSUE IS ONE THAT STILL HAUNTS US.
BUT WHEN FACED WITH A FAILED ERECTION, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
WHAT ARE THE #S LIKE ? HOW MANY OF US ARE STILL HAVING UNPROTECTD SEX?

GIVING UP (ITS SO HARD TO DO) (COMPASSIONATELY)

I UNDERSTAND THE LOOK OF LOSS /DESPAIR
THAT I SEE IN MY BROTHERS EYES
IT WAS NOT UNTIL I FELT THAT LOSS THAT DESPAIR
IN MY HEART THAT I UNDERSTOOD

GIVEN UP TOTATLY OF EVER FORMING A TRUE BOND

JERKING /SUCKING /FUCKING /TALKING ONE ANOTHER THROUGH
UNIVOLVED ORGASM

WE MAKE PROMISES /WE TELL LIES/ALL TO INFLATE EGOS

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF LIFES TRULY MEMOMORABLE MOMENTS.....
HAS BECOME ONE OF IT'S MOST D E A D L Y

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ACT II
EDITORIAL
scene 1 VOICE OVER PSA # 2

(FRONT AND CENTER)

FOR BLACK MEN WHO LOVE BLACK MEN
INTIMACY AND ITS MAINTENANCE SEEM TO BE A VERY DIFFICULT TASK.
NOT ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE ,BUT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.
IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKES YOU SAY "IN A PERFECT WORLD"
BUT WE'RE NOT IN A PERFECT WORLD.WE INHABIT THE MOST RACIST AND
HOMOPHOBIC COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

A SUBCULTURE OF A CULTURE, A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY,BOTTOM OF
THE TOTEM POLE AND SOME HOW, STILL SURVING.

THIS DOES NOT MAKE EXCUSES FOR THE WAY WE TREAT ONE ANOTHER.IT IS
INTENDED
AS A REALISTIC REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE BETTER AT COMFORTING ONE
ANOTHER.
ONE COULD ALSO SAY THIS IS A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.
STRENGTH ENOUGH TO DO THE RIGHT THING, STRENGTH OF CONVICTIONS,
STRENGTH TO MAKE A DECISION TO MAKE A CHANGE.THROUGH ALL OBSTACLES
TO STICK TO IT,AND MAINTAIN OUR IDENTITY, OUR INTEGRITY AND PRIDE
IN WHO AND WHAT WE ARE.
BLACK GAY MEN .
THE OPINONS EXPRESSED REMAIN INDEPEDENT OF THOSE EMBRACED BY THIS
STATION.

Last - how can
you effectively use
this

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Trey Johnson
Corey Acree
Clarence LeRoy Solomon Jr.

ACT 4
scene 2
IMPROV
(IN THE LIVINGROOM/GOING THROUGH OLD PHOTOS AND PROGRAMS FROM FUNERALS AND MEMORIAL SERVICES)

THEY NEVER SAW 30. YOUNG BROTHERS, FULL OF LIFE AND AMBITION AND IN THE
PRIME OF THEIR SEXUAL EXPERIENCES. THEY WERE CUT DOWN, ATTACKED VISCOUSLY, WITH NO REMORSE, NO SYMPATHY. NAMES THEIR DEATHS SCARED ME MUCH WORSE THAN THE THOUGHT OF MY OWN IMPENDING DOOM. DEATH HUNG OVER ME LIKE THE FUNK FROM A SLAUGHTER HOUSE. CREEPING INTO EVERY CRACK AND CREVICE LEFT UNPROTECTED.
MY HEART WAS UNDER LOCK AND KEY, THERE WAS NO NEED FOR WORRY THERE, BUT MY MIND TORMENTED ME RELENTLESSLY. WILL THE DEAD VISIT ME WHEN I'M LONELY, I WANT FEEL THE FIRE IF THEY DO, WILL I
WILL I DRIFT AWAY PAINLESSLY, CAN I COME BACK AND VISIT WHEN I'M GONE,
WILL MY PARENTS CONSENT TO CREMATION, I WANT FEEL THE FIRE IF THEY DO!
WILL I!?
WHAT /WHEN/WHY /HOW/WHERE/WHO WILL BE THERE.....
SOMETHING STOP
HAD TO BE CHANGED TO GIVE MY MIND RELASE FROM THE GRIPS OF FEAR.
I WENT INTO THE HOUSE OF MY ANCESTORS AND PRAYED FOR GUIDANCE.
THERE IN THE TEMPLE OF MY BELOVED, I FOUND MY ANSWERS.
I LOOK AT DEATH THROUGH NEW EYES.
DEATH BECOME AN ENTITY WITH CHARACTRISTICS THAT APPEALED TO ME.
AN ANGEL, INHABITING HUMAN FORM, APEARING AS AN EXTREMELY DESIRABLE MAN.
"THE SEDUCER".
DYING BECAME A CEREMONY, "THE LAST SEDUCTION".
MY ORGASM, BECAME "THE JOURNEY". FINALLY I WOULD BE ABLE TO BE RELEASED FROM THE FLESH, FREE TO ROAM THE SPIRIT WORLD AND FIND MY PEACE THERE.

END THIS ONE ON YOUR KNEES

work on this particular piece what did 30 mean to me what did these guys say to me

Ringo Research
ASSOCIATES

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ACT IV
scene 3

Should be the plan for the future

NOTES ON SILENCE

I MUST START BY SAYING ,"I'M ALIVE"!
IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A LARGE BLESSING THAT WE GIVE SO LITTLE THOUGHT.

WE LIVE IN DESPERATE TIMES.WE LIVE IN DESPERATE TIMES. WE'VE BECOME CUT OFF FROM EACH OTHER,FROM THE LOVE WE NEED TO SHARE WITH EACH OTHER TO SURVIVE.
THE ENEMY IS SILENCE.
IT IS DEADLY.
SILENCE PUSHES US FURTHER INTO DARKNESS,AND AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER.AWAY FROM FAMILY ,FRIENDS,LOVERS, ACQUAINTANCESES,AND EVENTUALLY LIFE.
SILENCE IS KILLING MORE OF US THAN HIV/AIDS OR VIOLENCE.

WE ~~WERE~~ ARE TO DIVIDE ON TOO MANY ISSUES.YET WE'VE ALWAYS HAD SEX AS A MEANS OF CUTTING THROUGH ~~THE~~ MENIAL THINGS.
WE CATCH OUR BREATH,MAKE COMPRIMISE AND JUST WHEN A LARGE GROUP OF US ARE DEALING,SILENCE SURFACES AGAIN.~~1/4~~ SOME OF US HAVE DISREGARDED THE NOTION THAT UNPROTETED SEX IS DANGEROUS,OTHERS USE THE EXCUSE THAT WE ARE ALL INFECTED,OR WE STOP HAVING INTERCOURSE ALTOGETHER THAT LEAVES THE REST OF US TRING TO BE SUPPORTIVE FOR US ALL.

THE TOTAL UPHEVAL OF OUR SEX LIVES TAKES US ON DIFFERENT TRIPS.
WE CAN COMBAT A LOT OF ISSUES BY SIMPLY COMMUNICATING. JUST PLAIN OLD CONVERSATIONS,ABOUT ~~THE~~ OUR FEELINGS OF LOSS,OF HELPLESSNESS.
BUT SO MANY OF US ARE STILL WRESTLING WITH OLD DEMONS. WE HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO DEAL WITH OURSELVES AS BLACK GAY MEN.WE HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO THINK OF OURSELVES AS PRODUCTIVE BLACK GAY MEN WHO ARE NOT EXCLUDED FROM HEAVEN.WE ARE STILL FIGHTING RELIGIOUS BATTLES BASED ON RHETORIC AND NOT FACT.WE HAVE NOT YET LEARNED THAT TO TRULY LOVE A MAN, WE NEED TO EXPLORE ALL SIDES OF OUR SEXUAL IDENTITY.
WE ARE STILL TRING TO BE AS WHITE AS POSSIBLE AND REMAIN BLACK.WE ARE STILL TRING TO BE AS MUCH OF WHAT WE ARE TOLD A MAN IS, AND A WOMAN IS NOT.

WE STAND DIVIDED ON TO MANY FRONTS.BOOTH
SILENCE STEPS IN WITH A DECISIVE BLOW.
~~SILENCE~~ BABY HAS ALL BUT HALTED CONVERSATIONS THAT COULD REPAIR SOME OF THE DAMAGE THAT'S BEEN DONE. YES BABY,SILENCE!
IT'S STOPPING US FROM ASKING QUESTIONS THAT WOULD LEAD TO VALUBLE CONVERSATIONS. SILENCE IS KEEPING US ALONE IN APARTMENTS WITH NO HEAT, NO SOCIAL WORKERS, NO KNOWDLGE, NO WAY OUT. SILENCE IS PUSHING US INTO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. IMPRISONED BY OUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND.
SILENCE PUSHES US INTO CORNERS OF OVERCROWDED AIDS AND MENTAL WARDS, IN COUNTY AND STATE FACILATES. SILENCE, BOOTH IF WE ARE NOT CAREFUL COULD BE THE MATCH THAT LITES THE FIRES OF OUR DEMISE. SILENCE...

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Act 4
scene 5

THE FIGHT MUST GO ON!
THER IS STILL TOO MUCH BEAUTY IN LIFE TO EXPLORE,
TO JUST STOP HERE.
SO,SO MANY STORIES TO TELL,
SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE
AND DONT ASK WHY!
IT JUST HAS TO BE DONE.
THERE IS MUSIC TO HEAR,FILMS TO VIEW,PLAYS TO SEE,POEMS TO BE READ
LOVE TO BE MADE.
ITS ALL PART OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS
THIS CREATIVITY THAT SHAKES ME TILL MY SOUL CRIES OUT
WITH THE TEARS THAT ARE MY SALVATION

IT ALL SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE,
SEEMS LIKE SUCH AN AGONIZING TASK
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I HAVE ?
DO I GIVE IN TO SORROW, GIVE IN TO PITY,
DWELL ON WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE, SHOULD HAVE DONE!?
NO. NO I DONT THINK SO.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN,LIVING WITH AIDS DRUMS

THE DESCENDANT OF GREAT AFRICAN WARRIORS.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DECENDANT OF GENERATIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE ONCE SLAVES.
(PROPERTY)

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

PSA #3

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MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP
outline for rewrite 12/96

1983(youth and innonce)
84(Diagnosis)
85(Denial)
86(in Love&Trouble)
87( )
88( )
89(return to eden)
90( )
91( )
92( )
93( )
94(wake up)
95(testify)
96( )

Ringo Research

MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP
outline for rewrite 12/96

1983(youth and innonce)
84(Diagnosis)
85(Denial)
86(in Love&Trouble)
87( )
88( )
89(return to eden) moved back to Atlanta (ERIC)
90( )
91( )
92( )
93( )
94(wake up)
95(testify)
96( )

OH PLEASE
SLIDE IT IN DEEP
DON'T PUT A RUBBER ON IT
DON'T LUBE IT UP
FORCE IT IN DRY
UP INTO THE PITS OF ALL THAT IS ME
AS I SCREAM, SLAP ME
PAIN MEETS MY MIND WITH UNDERSTANDING
FUCK ME HARD
PULL MY HAIR
SHOUT OBSCENITIES IN MY EAR
STICK IN SIDEWAYS
SLAM INTO MY WALLS WITH ABANDON
MAKE ME BLEED
LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE SLOWLY
A L O N E
WITH MY OWN SORROW
AS COMFORT
3/94
TONY DANIELS

IN THE IMPROV I NEED TO BUILD A PATTERN OF SEXUAL TENSION BEFORE I START This Piece

I did whatever was possible to get away from dealing with being HIV+

PRELUDE TO SILENCE

SO WHY AREN'T OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS ASKING MORE QUESTIONS. WHY AREN'T THEY RAISING MORE HELL!
IS NOT THE DEATHS OF THEIR CHILDREN REASON ENOUGH TO QUESTION SOMEONE, SOMETHING, OTHER THAN THEMSELVES.
INSTEAD THEY GRIEVE FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS. THEY GRIEVE GREATLY, BLAMING THEMSELVES, BLAMING THEIR CHILDREN. THEY GRIEVE WITH THE HOPES OF SORROW BEING ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE PAIN. BUT
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ITS NOT ENOUGH. WHEN THE SORROW OF THE LOSS, THE MISDIRECTED BLAME CAN NO LONGER HOLD THE PAIN? WHERE DO YOU RUN? WE DARE NOT TAKE IT TO GOD, FOR SURELY IT IS HE THAT BROUGHT ALL THIS TO BEAR.
FOR THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS, FOR THE SINS OF OUR CHILDREN FOR THE SINS WE.

04/14/94
ANTHONY DANIELS

Ask question to audience why?

HOWEVER
BUT THEN HEAN

KNOWING MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

PAST LESION COVERED SKIN
THROUGH FUNGI COVERED TISSUE
AROUND LAYERS OF DELUSION

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL HERE

BENEATH WALLS OF PAIN
SUFFERING, AND DISCOMFORT

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL MY FRIEND

UNDER THE FALL OUT OF KEMO
AND SIDE EFFECTS OF AZT
BACTRIUM/ DAPSONE

STILL MY MAN

BATTLING BOUTS OF THRUSH
SHINGELS/ PNEUMONIA
AND DIMENSIA

STILL MY BROTHER

Tony Daniels Jan 95

KNOWING MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

PAST LESION COVERED SKIN
THROUGH FUNGI COVERED TISSUE
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STILL MY MAN

BATTLING BOUTS OF THRUSH
SHINGELS/ PNEUMONIA
AND DIMENSIA

STILL MY BROTHER

Tony Daniels Jan 95

Start 1/28/96

PUT ME IN THE PERFORMANCE PIECE- NOTEBOOK

ONE MAN SHOW

move out of fear

I see (c truth

Thirst for knowledge

The Angel of Death

He comes Hither
ON WINGS That make NO SOUNds (They make NO sounds because they ARE NO more)
IN the shadow of mist
He comes Hither
To seduce me of this precious gift (~~that~~ gift is Life)
In the guise of my or true Love
He is AS dark AS a moonless sky
His grip is gentle to my flesh
but holds to my soul like Joy to A child
His eyes I never see
He is tall and oh How he towers over me
His breath as it crawls over my face and escapes
down my open blouse is AS sweet AS Ive ever seen
He comes Hither
MASter of seduction
foreSAKer of NONE
He comes ~~Hither~~

DEATH ROMANTICIZED

WHEN DEATH COMES FOR ME
I KNOW HE'LL COME SLOWLY
DRAPED IN A ROBE OF CRIMSON(BLOOD)
EMBROIDERED IN GOLD (TEARS)

THUNDER WILL NOT ANNOUNCE HIS ARRIVAL
JUST THE VOICES AND ~~PLACES~~ FACES
FAMILIAR TIMES AND PLACES
EMBRACING ME/ PREPARING ME FOR HIS TOUCH

OH SUCH SWEET TASTE FOR SUCH FOUL LIPS
LONG SINEWY MUSCLED FINGERS CARESS ME
STRONG BLACK HANDS CRADLE ME
PROBING TONGUES GLIDES ACROSS THE LENGTH OF MY FACE

SEDUCE ME, ~~I KNOW~~ HE'LL COME SLOWLY
LETTING NEW HANDS EXPLORE UNDER THE FOLDS OF HIS ROBE
DEATH QUIVERS WITH EXCITEMENT
A NEW SOUL ACQUIRED/ AN OLD HUNGER QUELLED
AND WHEN DEATH COMES FOR ME
HE'LL LOOK JUST LIKE *KEWESI MFUME*

WHAT MY EYES CAN NO LONGER SEE
MY SOUL FEELS
DEATHS TOUCH SEPARATES FLESH FROM SPIRIT
RISING TO LEAVE ME, ON A JOURNEY TO BECOME WE

12/13/95
TONY DANIELS

DAYS LIKE THESE

AND ITS DAYS LIKE THESE WHEN I REALIZE WHAT SEXUAL BEINGS WE REALLY ARE
HOW IT SO INTERTWINED IN THE VERY FIBER OF WHO AND WHAT WE ARE
I EMBRACE THE WHOLE OF SELF AND EXCEPT IT ENTIRELY AS IS
IF GOD CAN EXCEPT ALL THAT I AM, THEN SO MUST I AND
ITS DAYS LIKE THESE THAT MAKE WANT TO RETURN TO OLD FAMILIAR ALLEYS, BACKROOMS, BATHHOUSES,BEDROOMS, AND ANY PLACE WHERE ONE COULD EXORSICE,ONES SEXUAL NATURE WITHOUT CARE OR WORRY FROM ANYTHING
TO STRONG FOR PENICILIN AND/OR PRAYER TO CURE

DAYS WHEN YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING SICK
TIRED OF BEING ALONE,TIRED OF MASTURBATING
TIRED OF BEING TIRED

GIVING UP(ITS SO HARD TO DO)

I UNDERSTAND THE LOOK OF LOSS/ DESPAIR
THAT I SEE IN MY BROTHERS EYES
IT WAS NOT UNTIL I FELT THAT LOSS THAT DESPAIR
IN MY HEART THAT I UNDERSTOOD

GIVEN UP TOTATLY (ALMOST) OF EVER FORMING A TRUE BOND

JERKING/ SUCKING/ FUCKING/ TALKING ONE ANOTHER THROUGH UNINVOLVED ORGASMS

PROMISES/ LIES ALL TO INFLATE EGOS

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF LIFES TRULY MEMORABLE MOMENTS.....HAS BECOME ONE OF ITS MOST D E A D L Y

01/26/95
ANTHONY DANIELS

I THINK THAT IT IS THE OPINION OR THE DESIRE OF THE MAJORITY THAT IF YOU HAVE HIV/AIDS THAT YOU SHOULD NO LONGER BE SEXUAL. I SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS AS LONG AS IT IS A DECISION REACHED BY THE INDIVIDUAL WITH THE VIRUS/DESEASE,AN NOT THE FEARS OF THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE NOT INFECTED, BEING FORCED UPON THEM. MAKING THE VICTIM RESPONSIBLE, THE AMERICAN WAY.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PROTECTION IS AN INDIVIDUAL ONE.
HOWEVER IN ORDER FOR US TO STOP THE SPREAD OF HIV/AIDS WE MUST PULL TOGETHER IN A COLLECTIVE EFFORT. AN EFFORT OF PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE BANDING TOGETHER AND DEMANDING SOME EXPLAINATIONS FROM OUR GOVERNMENT FOR THE CONTINUAL AND SENSELESS DEATHS OF OUR LOVED ONES. — STOP GoNext

FOR BLACK MEN WHO LOVE BLACK MEN
INTIMACY AND ITS MAINTENANCE SEEM TO BE A VERY DIFFICULT TASK.
NOT ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE, BUT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.
ITS ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU SAY" IN A PERFECT WORLD", BUT WERE NOT IN A PERFECT WORLD. WERE IN AMERICA ONE OF THE MOST RACIST AND HOMOPHOBIC COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD.

A SUBCULTURE OF A CULTURE, A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY, BOTTOM OF THE TOTEM POLE AND STILL SURVIVING.

I SAID ALL THIS, NOT TO MAKE EXCUSES FOR THE WAY WE TREAT EACH OTHER, BUT AS A REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE BETTER @ COMFORTING ONE ANOTHER. ALSO AS A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH. STRENGTH OF CONVICTIONS TO MAKE A DECISION TO MAKE A CHANGE. STICK TO IT AND THROUGH ALL OBSTACLES MAINTAIN MY IDENTITY, MY INTEGRITY AND PRIDE IN WHO AND WHAT I AM. A PROUD BLACK GAY MAN, LIVING WITH AIDS. 8/93

I THINK THAT IT IS THE OPINION OR THE DESIRE
OF THE MAJORITY THAT IF YOU HAVE HIV/AIDS
THAT YOU SHOULD NO LONGER BE SEXUAL. I SEE
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DECISION REACHED BY THE INDIVIDUAL WITH THE
HIV/DESEASE AN NOT THE FEARS OF THOSE
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FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE BANDING TOGETHER
AND DEMANDING SOME EXPLANATIONS FROM OUR
GOVERNMENT FOR THE CONTINUAL AND
SENSELESS DEATHS OF OUR LOVED ONES. — STOP GENOCIDE

I'M NOT THROUGH IT ALL YET! I'M IN THE THICK
OF IT NOW. SURROUNDING MYSELF WITH THOSE I
HOLD DEAR. MAKING PREPARATION FOR THE
DEMONS ASSAULT. CONFRONTATION WITH THE
BEAST IS INEVITABLE.FACE HER— I MUST.
10/93

UNTITLED #6

ENTOMBED IN A DISEASE RIDDLED TEMPLE
TATTOOED WITH THE MARK OF THE BEAST
BREATH OF FIRE FUELED BY TOXINS
PRESCRIBED ON MERE SUGGESTION

MINDS TORMENTED, PERSECUTED, HAUNTED
BY VISIONS OF UNSPEAKABLE PAIN
CUT OFF FROM FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND LOVERS
BY FEAR OF RECOGNITION / REJECTION

TOSSING AND TURNING SLEEP EVADES ME
THE NIGHT FINDS BODIES SOAKED WITH SWEAT
LUNGS GURGLE AND WHEEZE FILLED WITH PHLEGM
BOWELS BOIL AND BUBBLE OUT OF CONTROL
PROTESTING INVASION OF FOREIGN PARASITES

TRAPPED BY A LETHAL GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY
WITH DEATH AS THE MOST LOGICAL MEANS OF ESCAPE
RISE TO THE CHALLENGE OF WHAT LIVING HAS BECOME
MEET DEATH WITH A LOUD VOICE / CHALLENGE SILENCE

TONY DANIELS 1/95
AFROBEATS

Rehearsal time

AESM?

T-Shirt - ITLA
Kathy Williams
Andrea's Goree
Venus MAGAZINE

Comp List

USHERS

Duncan / Lenwood - MC's for the evening

Introduction

Voice Overs
Taped Music

9v/t Batteries - 2 or 3

(Rewrite Plan) 3/9/97

I will start by utilizing my writings (journal entries), in chronological order so as to capture the realism with which I have come to this point in time that I now exist. There is so much that happened that I did not even touch on in the original script. Conversations with my family, with friends, with tricks and Lovers. Hospitalizations, clinic visits, Doctors appointments, social workers and various other people and ASO's.

Oct 4, 1993

I'm here now because I've run out of places to hide. My soul is searching for peaceful existence. My mind just wants an end to the agony, my heart continues to deal with the pain of constant breaking. While I go on questioning my own motives, second guessing myself. Paranoia has set in so deep my judgement is completely gone haywire. I am not myself, I don't know who I am. This time around I'm even more vulnerable than I was before. All my thoughts now, are of pain. How will I ever be able to get through this, the second time around.

There's still some strength left in me or else I wouldn't be able to get these words down. That strength tells me to push on, to pull whatever's left of this shell, a shoulder of myself together and get on with the business of living. It's going to be so hard, so very hard, just to keep my mind from wandering.

When Courtney Dies — Solomons reply

NO TEARS

MARCH - NOV 95 edit

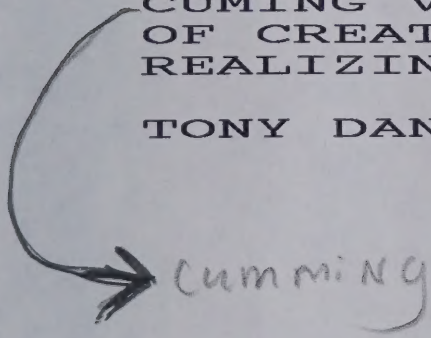
I could not shed tears for you
Tears for me are only shed when death
is called upon as a last resort, or makes
an untimely visit, catching us with our
gaurd down - unprepared
Death was the seduction you needed
To remove you from this suffering, it
was necessary
So there were no tears shed for you, my
Brother
I rejoiced with great laughter and a tremendous
feeling of renewal flooded my being
My cup became full, it runneth over
It could no longer hold the fluids of this
life
I could not shed tears for you my Brother

Shirlene Holmes
50 Peachtree Street
Apt 303
Atlanta, GA 30303

STAGE FRIGHT

STANDING BEFORE YOU
NAKED EXPOSED
WANTING YOUR ATTENTION
CRAVING YOUR APPROVAL
HEARING YOUR THOUGHTS
UNDERSTANDING YOUR CONFUSION
ABSORBING YOUR ENERGY
WATCHING INTENSELY
AS YOU REALIZE
THE NATURE OF THE VISION
BEFORE YOUR EYES
MASTURBATION
STROKING THE SHAFT
OF A ROCK HARD EGO
OPENING YOUR MINDS
MANIPULATING THE CLIT
OF A PASSIONATE PSYCHE
CARESSING YOUR SPIRTS
CRADLING BALLS BURSTING WITH
THE SEEDS OF ART
NURTURING YOUR INHIBITIONS
CUMING VIOLENTLY AS THE JUICES
OF CREATIVITY FLOW FREELY
REALIZING YOUR DOUBTS

TONY DANIELS 12/94



	STRETCH	Goal
ACT I one		
6 min	10 min	15
ACT 2 two		
9 min	15 min	25/30
ACT 3 three		
8 min	12 min	15/30
ACT 4 four		
10 min	15 min	15/25
33 min	52 min	115/140

15 30
18 22
3 3 52

15
2/0
4

REASONS - Earth Wind & Fire
MY LIFE - mary J BLIGE
- Third World

ACT I ONE MAN SHOW

The WAY IT WAS → House music

BEDROOM dance clothes a party SEX DRUGS AND BOYS ALCOHOL
→ Hospital gown ON underneath or PJ's
Possibly nude?! scene for next piece / DISROBE
move UPSTAGE FRONT AND CENTER → Fucked for Life → stage DARK / gradually turn on ONE spot / FRONT CENTER
Denial - DRUGS ALCOHOL SEX BOYS
Crack - Ashes on a can / bottle of vodka / condoms / Porno ↙ BEDROOM
hook of desperation → take center stage bright spot + Look into audience ready yourself
Oh Please → total frustration with safesex, men who can't fuck, men who WANT commit, the government, being alone and AIDS
Lying in bed afraid to go to sleep high on crack and powder pushed out of a face down in the dirt drunk Junkie
move upstage on all fours to kneels This is a prayer
Lights up - upcomes music 1st Break

ACT II

COMMERCIAL → Front center / conservative dress
DON'T ASK DON'T TELL - CONTENT P WITH MY BROTHERS RELUCTANCE TO TALK ABOUT THEIR HIV status RASPY and contemptuous
moves down stage to the living room
LIVING ROOM → ANDCAINKILLED ABEL - PHONE WITH MOM
"I JUST WANTED HEAR YOUR VOICE"
Recorded → SILENCE. NO! SILENCE. NO!
or from backstage PRELUDE TO SILENCE - ANGRILY to
Front center → the AUDIENCE
↘ UNTITLED #6 "challenge SILENCE

ACT III

Intermission - (10-15 min)
ALIEN BIRTH → NO EXCUSES PLEASE! → Confrontational the AUDIENCE
front center KNOWING MAKES THE DIFFERENCE - Passionately
Bedroom DAYS LIKE THESE - Reminiscing wistfully mockingly
IMPROV - being sexual and +, disclosure 5 min rule

ACT III — Bedroom / Front center

What If? - sexually arousing, FRANK CONCERN for the SILENCE to END / Pleading to TALK ABOUT IT

IMPROV - # of men still having unprotected sex

GIVING UP → UNDERSTANDING Bewilderment of why brothers feel out in the cold

ACT IV — Bedroom

IMPROV - giving DEATH a mask; the seducer being able to cope with the Inevitable

HE COMES HIT HER / DEATH ROMANTICIZED

more upstage →

COMMERCIAL -

→ **NOTES ON SILENCE** -

→ **CONCLUSION**

Bedroom (or Living room - far from one another)

COME MY BROTHER

OH FREEDOM - SONG

IMPROV #1 THE WAY IT WAS
STAGING - THE BEDROOM getting dressed
~~to go to the~~ bar

WESTEND PERFORMING ARTS CENTER?

PRE PRIDE PERFORMANCE
RECEPTION (WINE? Cheese - following

IPC Approach the HIV/AIDS SUPPORT Group to offer Tickets
SISTER LOVE
BROTHERS BACK TO BACK
AID ATLANTA
PROJECT OUTREACH
AESM - Jill Gardner

Talk to Charlene about advertising article - Profile (BRO)

Flyers - Photos - advertisement - videotaping
(Ginger, Charles, CC)

Groups
Redefined Faith Unity Fellowship CHURCH — GAIL BOOKER
THE FIRST E CONGREGATION — DUNCAN TEAGUE
FIRST EMMANUEL AME CHURCH — SONYA HEMPHILL
reading IAMI — MARY ANN
reading THE MEN OF SECOND SUNDAY — ~~GREGG~~ CRAIG WASHINGTON
GAY SPIRIT VISIONS — TODD KINNEY
reading CHARIS - B.J.
reading OUTWRITE - SPARKY

Do a dress rehersal with invited guest to come and critique the work

MAKE A flyer indicating such

a flyer by second Sunday meeting

634-0713
EDWIN

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OR AS AN SPIRITUAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

REGGIE (UNITY)

JOE PETE

Close the show with a reading of names of BROTHER who have died of AIDS

BERNARD DAVIS ✓

CLARENCE ROY Solomon Jr ✓

NICOLAS WAYNE ✓ SOLOMON

COREY ACREET GARY Griffin MACK BROWN

John Paul CHERRY ALONSO

CHATTY CATHY / TRÈ Johnson ✓ GARY HARRISON

The White Woman From Louisville Anderson Griffin Jr BARRY from Dream girls

Shere Franklin ARTIS BARNES Jr

VANITY Simone REV. CALVIN WARD JAZZ

Candy Johnson LARRY JOHNSON LOLLYD BUTCHER

Bertha BUTT Charles Gilford John Bailey

MISHAN BLACK Charles Coleman Freddy DAVIS

Charles Coleman

MILTON JONES

STEWART MOSES

BENNY from Tifton

scene 5

THE FIGHT MUST GO ON!
THERE IS STILL TOO MUCH BEAUTY IN LIFE TO EXPLORE,
TO JUST STOP HERE.
SO,SO MANY STORIES TO TELL,
SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE
AND DON'T ASK WHY!
IT JUST HAS TO BE DONE.
THERE IS MUSIC TO HEAR, FILMS TO VIEW, PLAYS TO SEE, POEMS TO BE READ
LOVE TO BE MADE.
ITS ALL PART OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS
THIS CREATIVITY THAT SHAKES ME TILL MY SOUL CRIES OUT
WITH THE TEARS THAT ARE MY SALVATION

IT ALL SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE,
SEEMS LIKE SUCH AN AGONIZING TASK
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I HAVE ?
DO I GIVE IN TO SORROW, GIVE IN TO PITY,
DWELL ON WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE, SHOULD HAVE DONE!?
NO. NO I DON'T THINK SO.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN, LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DESCENDANT OF GREAT AFRICAN WARRIORS.

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

THE DESCENDANT OF GENERATIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE ONCE SLAVES.
(PROPERTY)

I AM A BLACK GAY MAN LIVING WITH AIDS

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STAGE GOES ALMOST COMPLETELY BLACK

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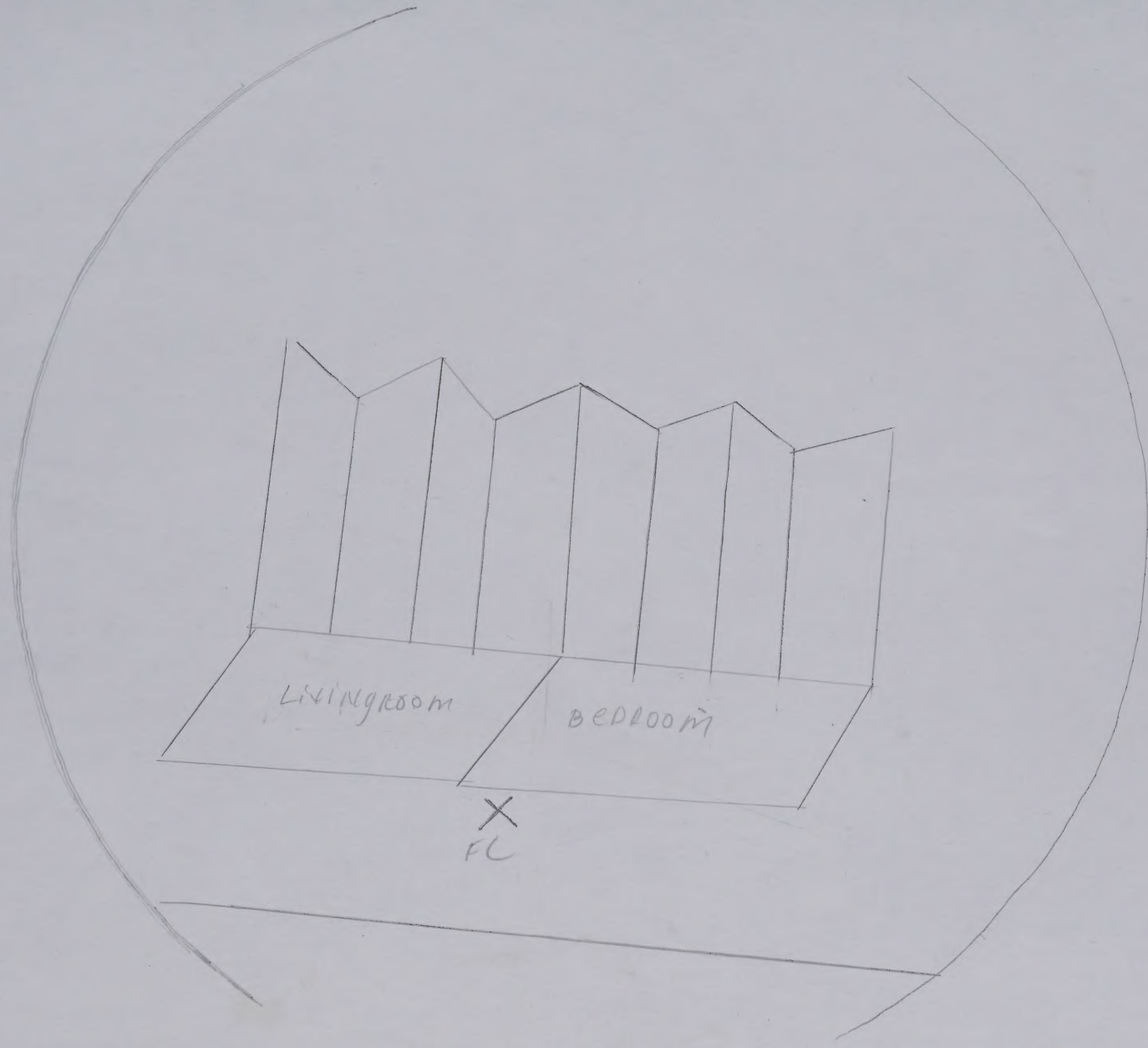

LIVINGROOM
BEDROOM
FC

ALL POETRY AND MOVEMENT
CREATED BY
CURTIS TENTION

MUSIC
SEGUN WILLAMS

INVOCATION

IT'S NOT EASY
MUSIC: ALICE COLTRANE,
JOURNEY INTO SATCHIDANANDA

I TOO
MUSIC: STANLEY JORDON, AFRICA

MOVEMENT
MUSIC: GABRIELLE ROTH, BODY JAZZ

LOOKING FOR MY BROTHERS
(DEDICATED TO MY BROTHERS
SKIPPER AND MARVIN)
MUSIC: CRY OF THE LOON

SOCIETY
MUSIC: CLAUDE DEBUSSY,
SONATA FOR CELLO AND PIANO

INTERMISSION

ME
MUSIC : SEGUN WILLIAMS

POEMETTES
MEMORIES
ROOMY
ALL HIS LIFE
MUSIC: SEGUN WILLIAMS

SOMETIMES
MUSIC: KEITH JARRET, THE CURE

MOTHER SPEAKS
ORATOR: MARGARET WHITE
MUSIC: DESERT WINDS AND CHORUS
OF WHALES

STRIVING FOR THE BEST
MUSIC: SEGUN WILLAMS

I GIVE ALL THANKS AND PRAISES TO THE CREATOR FOR THE GIFT OF LIFE, UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND SUPPORT.

I DEDICATE DEALINGS TO MY MOTHER SISTER AND BEST FRIEND JANE L. TENTION.

TO MY FAMILY THANKS FOR YOUR
UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND
SUPPORT.

TO MY SON ARIEL RASHAD,
I LOVE YOU COCONUT HEAD.

BABA SEGUN THANKS AGAIN FOR
YOUR TIME, SUPPORT, AND ENERGY.

MAMA DUZZY
THANKS FOR WORDS OF WISDOM.

AIDA THANKS FOR THE
OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE.

MY BROTHER TONY THANKS FOR
BEING A BROTHER.
LOVE YOU.

TO THE STAFF AND CREW OF THE
GAY AND LESBIAN VISITORS CENTER
THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT.

TO ALL OF YOU THAT CAME OUT
THANKS FOR YOUR TIME AND
ENERGY.

PEACE AND LOVE
CURTIS

AMANDLA
PRODUCTIONS
PROUDLY PRESENTS

DEALINGS

AN
EVENING
OF
POETRY
AND
MOVEMENT

FEATURING

CURTIS TENTION

AND THE SOUNDS OF

SEGUN WILLAMS

#5

This feeling is so completely alienating.
The feeling that I don't feel. This feeling
that is unidentifiable. It has no name,
it just exist, it just is. ....
It is the same feeling you get every
time a brother is murdered
Who is your friend
And you had no idea he was HIV+.
And it happens more often
And were dying younger all the time.
Its the feeling you get when you look
into the faces of family and see
bewilderment, not only in their
eyes, but in the reflection of you
in their eyes.
It is the same feeling that watches
as the body descends into the ground
and all you feel is a loss.
I am no longer see him, ~~any~~ & I can
no longer smell his breath, hear his
voice, his song.
I am without ~~him~~ yet another friend.
There will be no more conversations, ~~no~~
more disagreements on who's a diva
and who's not.
No more talk of our unwillingness
of we to just be - without justifications

It is the same feeling that brings
No tears, just a hard clump in the
throat, a suffocating mass of the
Nameless feeling.

7/27/89

I've never really expressed, verbally nor written, the exact way that falling in Love with you threw me into another total state of being.
My whole life took a ~~right turn~~
It was a horse of a color I had never ridden before.
But it fulfilled me gave me a reason to stay here in the desolate forgotten place.
A reason to want to go after all the things I wanted out of life.
I was forced to open my mind heart and soul to someone other than God, (who knows it) to have my space invaded and consider them someone else on the planet is important.
It took so much out of me. Now I struggle to get just a little bit of it back.
How much can a wounded spirit ~~be~~ continue loosing.

11/30/88

He was the first ever to say,
"You're ok. — I Love you just the way
you are."
No changes, no adjustment. — "You are
who I feel in Love with."
And from that point on anything I decided
to change about myself, he always asked if it was what I
wanted.

I've been trying to find ways to let you know the depth of my feelings for you. I've gone through that process of constantly telling you it just doesn't seem to get to you, and it makes me very vulnerable to constantly pour out the essence of my heart to you. So what I decided to do is nothing. You alone know me better than most anyone I can think of in this world. And if you cannot see that I am so full of uncontrolable desire, Love, trust, kind passion for you then you must be blind. I freak of it. Everybody else knows it, so what's wrong? If there is something that I can do to convice you, let me know. For you have only to ask and it will be done.

May 30, 1988

2/07/90

~~God~~

Father
I am but one man
but I am
I am but one voice
but I pray
I do have faith
but I am human
Show me the way
and I will follow
Stand by me always
and I will take up the banner
Breathe the breath of life in me
and I will testify

AMEN

5/23/89
5/24/89

Come closer to me
Feel the breath of life that
flows from my lips
Taste the fruit of my being
which I will give to you unabondonedly
Listen to the words I speak
Not interjected with lies or things
to unspoken
Be here with me, and you will
know
Life to me is for living and all
things dead should be cerried

3/7/94

Oh please

Slide it in deep, dont put a rubber on it, dont lube it up

Force it in dry up into the pits of all that is me

As I scream slap me, pain meets my mind with understanding

Fuck me hard, pull my hair ~~shout obscenities in my ear~~ call me names

Stick it in sideways, slam into my walls with abandon, make me bleed

Leave me here to die slowly alone with my own sorrow — a comfort

FOR DONALD WOODS

4 pcs

#4

Jan 95

Past lesion covered skin
Through fungi covered tissue
Around layers of delusion

I know you're ~~still there~~

Beneath walls of pain, suffering, and discomfort

I know you're still my friend

Under the fallout of benie and side effects of AZT, BACTRIUM, and DAPSON
still my man

Battling bouts of thrush, shingles, Pneumonia and dementia
still my brother.

Grievance Procedures

for Positive Impact

Positive Impact is devoted to providing competent mental health care for individuals affected by HIV and does not discriminate in client admission or client service practices because of political affiliation, religion, race, color, sex, handicap, age, sexual orientation or national origin. The agency would also like every client to know that he/she does have a voice in the kind of care received. Grievances involve complaints about service, breach of confidentiality, or abuse. The following instructions are steps to be taken should a client feel the need for resolution of a situation. If level one does not provide satisfactory results the client should proceed to the next level, and so on.

Level One

- One of the most important tools in psychotherapy is the relationship between the therapist and the client. If a client has discrepancies with the therapist, those issues should be discussed directly with the therapist. The two parties will discuss the matter and come to an agreeable resolution. If the therapist is a student intern, the student should bring the issue to the attention of the Clinical Coordinator.

Level Two

- Clients of Positive Impact have a right to speak directly with the Clinical Coordinator if speaking with the therapist has not helped the situation. The Clinical Coordinator will attempt to mediate the difficulties between the therapist and client. The Clinical Coordinator will also alert the Executive Director to the situation.

Level Three

- At this level , clients should place all grievances and the steps that have been taken to remedy the situation in writing within one month of the meeting with the Clinical Coordinator. The Executive Director will review the situation and meet with the parties involved to discuss a resolution. A letter outlining the agency's position will be mailed to the parties involved within two weeks of this meeting.

Level Four

- Clients of Positive Impact may present their case to the Board of Directors of Positive Impact if the first three steps have proved unsatisfactory. The client may present their grievance to the Board at the next scheduled board meeting. The client must submit a written document of intent to attend the board meeting outlining the issues involved two weeks before the board meeting to make space on the agenda or be scheduled for the following meeting. The board will review the situation in a closed session and decide on an appropriate method of resolution. The board's decision will be mailed to all parties involved .

Level Five

- If the resolutions reached at the agency level are still unacceptable, the client may refer to the Ryan White Care Act Grievance policy.

Anthony C. Dennis
Client's Signature

11/12/96
Date

Linda R Harris
Intake Clinician's Signature

11/12/96
Date

Seconds

Oct 25 14

I'm living I'm hoping, I'm praying I'm dying for
the day when your eye meets mine,
In that space when we stare deep into each other eyes
for 15 seconds longer than either of us are accustomed
too or are even comfortable with,
With precision like timing we act as one, to help preserve
the others life
My hand slides gently over yours, each of my fingers
slides gently between each of yours as my thumb makes
contact with the flesh of your thigh
A condom is what I pass to you with my free hand,
a condom is what you accept with your free hand
There is no conversation, just our eyes move slowly an
attentively from condom to the eyes of one another
over and over again
Examining our faces for evidence of things not seen
Rising to face me, yet physically maintaining contact
with me, you tear an edge off the condom while holding
it clenched between teeth
Remove it from its cradle and place it firm over the
head of my dick
Never once loosing us, keeping us here, playing it safe,
safe as we know how
Thriving in the intimacy we have perserved, all in a
matter of seconds,
Seconds that have lasted longer than any epidemic or
sexual act we could dream up

Sunday someone called
Victor Edward
Westview Cemetery
Short lightskinned
balding in top

(1)

UNTITLED #6
FUCKED FOR LIFE
DEATHROMANIZED
GMING IN

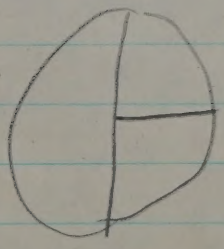
I must start by first saying I'M ALIVE. It seems like such a large blessing that we give so little thought. Yet we all used to start each day we woke by saying "Thank you Almighty Creator, for one more day." That will be one more day we can start positive change. The change may not be on a large scale, yet if we can get just one person to listen to our words of wisdom we've succeeded. We have affected one person, just open their mind to more possibilities than they came to us with.

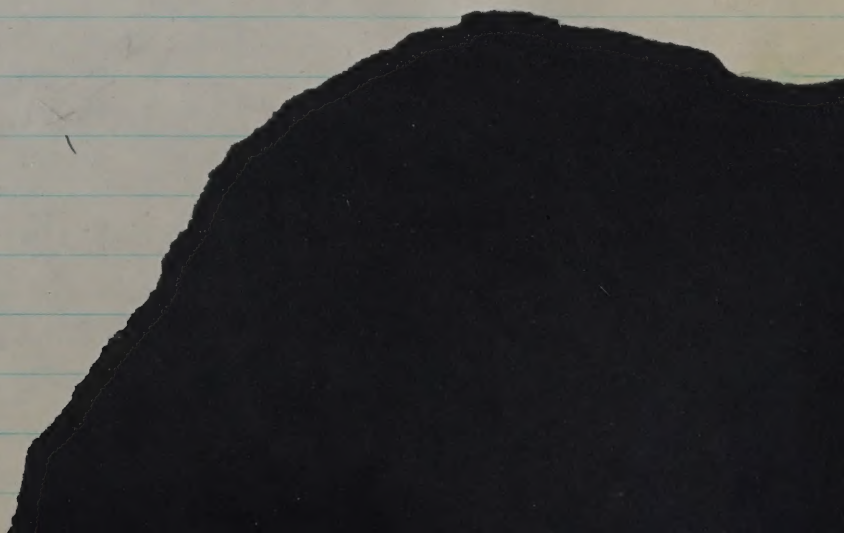
We live in desperate times. We live in desperate times. We've become cut off from each other, from the love we need to share with one another to survive. The enemy is SILENCE. Silence for Black men who love Black men is a deadly tool. When coupled with the existence of the AIDS virus in the Black gay male culture it is deadly. Silence pushes us further into darkness and away from one another, away from family, friends, lovers and acquaintances and eventually life. I stand firmly behind the slogan SILENCE = DEATH; silence is killing more of us than HIV, AIDS, or VIOLENCE.

There are several reasons why silence is particularly dangerous to Black Gay Men, more so than any other group of people. We were already extremely divided on so many levels. We were dealing with all the division of every other group; religion, economic status, education, philosophies on life, race etc. Yet we always had set on a means of getting through all these manmade things. We then divided on sexual practices. We caught our breath made compromise and just when a large group of us were dealing, along came HIV/AIDS and turned that shit all around. Half of us disregarded the notion that sex was dangerous, 1/3 of us stopped having sex altogether, and the other 1/3 of us tried to be the support for the entire group.

demons - secrets

Silence stepped in and divided us all once more. While the total upheaval of our sex lives took us all on different trips, we could have combated a lot of issues by simply communicating. Just plain old conversation about our feelings of loss, of helplessness, of hopelessness. But too many of us were still wrestling with old demons. We had not yet begun to deal with ourselves as BLACK GAY MEN. We had not yet begun to think of ourselves as productive black men who were not excluded from heaven. We were still fighting religious battles that were based on rhetoric and not fact. We had not yet learned that to truly love a man, we needed to explore all sides of our sexual identity. We were still trying to be as white as possible and remain black, or we were still trying to be as much of what we were told a man was and a woman was not. We stood divided on too many fronts, and silence stepped in and with a decisive blow silence has all but halted conversation that would repair some of damaged that's been done. Yes baby silence, stopped us from asking questions that would lead to real conversations. Silence pushed us into our minds for solitude asylum. Silence kept us alone in apartments with no heat, no social workers, no knowledge, no way out. Silence pushed us into corners of overcrowded side and mental wards in county hospitals. Silence has now deserted us.





Dec 30

Entombed in a disease riddled
temple
Tattooed with the mark of the beast
Breath of fire fueled by toxins
prescribed on mere suggestion

Minds tormented, persecuted, haunted
by visions of unspeakable pains
Cut off from friends, family and Lovers
by fear of recognition / rejection

Tossing and turning sleep evades me
The night finds bodies
soaked with sweat / Lungs
Jugular filled with phlegm / Bowels
boil and bubble protesting invasion of
foreign parasites

Can I get enough before I die
You think that might be possible
Can I get enough Love to keep fear at bay

Can I get enough laughter to make me kiss you with my eyes open

Can I get enough understanding to inspire my people to TALK about this Pandemic

Can I get enough sex to make me ready for the final seduction.

Can I get enough time to Think about getting enough time so I can give a little more

10/21/92

I love your shit stained drawers
I love your sleep filled eyes
I love your funky morning breath
I love those extra inches on your sides
and around the middle
I love your patchy skin
~~I love your athlete foot~~
And your crusted feet

ADDDI 8

WHAT IF

© 2/95

And if while you thrust your penis
into the deepest limits my ass will offer
Would it help if with each stroke as you
entered me I whispered into your ear
I HAVE AIDS?! FUCK ME LOVER I HAVE AIDS
DEEPER, YES WORK ME BABY I HAVE AIDS
Would you loose your erection / go limp?
Would it ever matter?
Would you even consider stopping? Could
we stop and talk about it then?
When will you, what will it take for you to TALK
ABOUT IT.

October 7, 1992

And so how can I go on
day after day waking (hoping that
I do) to face what I feel is inevitable
The ugly stench of the face of death
How much longer will I continue
to elude the beast
How much longer will I be able to
watch him coerse, drag and attack
my brothers, lovers, friends and
relations
"The waiting", "the not knowing", the ~~death~~
of his grasp
The uncertainty of years gone by, of
inhibited desires in abandon building
and first apartments
Hot summer days when the laundry
should have been on the dryer -
instead it sat for hours while he
a glimpse on the tiled side of a worn washer
fed her - desire as strong as the
heat from the vents of a2 often used
Laundry mat

JAN September OCTOBER

12/95

Short of breath
Hot horrible hacking cough
dark fingernails (she must be sick! Is she ill?
UN-HUH! - she got the package
Lost a lot of weight
her breath smells like death
Skin ashy and getting darker by the day
UN-HUH! - she got the package (what could these might be the packages
Dresser Tops full of medicine
Bactrim, AZT, DAPSONE,
Evasive, sketchy with the news, shes staring
lying too
UN-HUH!

What If? → Young man is seductive in background

Having ~~sex~~ unprotected sex

1996

1996

I know better, yet I take the risk

The hours I have spent locked away in
this room craving just to smell your
flesh ~~leads me here sprawled out~~

I've spent hours here ~~locked~~ ~~in~~ shut
OFF From you
Longing ~~for your~~ presence the taste smell
of your Flesh
MY ~~own~~ touch is perhaps SAFE
BUT STILL I Am Lonely

The hours turn into days the days weeks
the weeks month
It has been much too long I question
whether or not I CAN perform
WILL my erection ~~erode~~ dissert ~~me~~
WILL my body receive you
I think you might be thinking the same
thing